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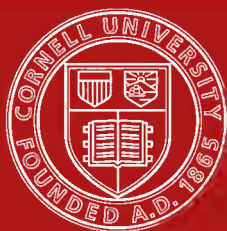
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,  
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars  
Theatres, circa 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel  
pages with the first revised folio text,  
with Critical Introductions*

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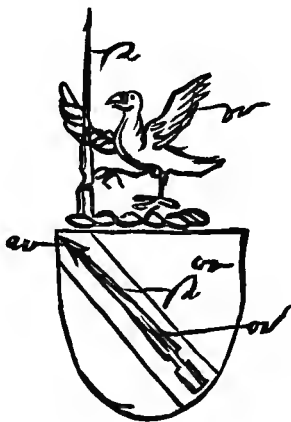
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The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN

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# The Bankside Shakespeare

VIII.

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## A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME



*(The Players' Text of 1600, with the  
Heminges and Condell Text  
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the relation of  
the Fisher and Roberts quartos to each other,  
and the presentation of Fairies upon the  
Elizabethan Stage

BY

WILLIAM REYNOLDS, A. B., LL. B. (WM. AND MARY)  
*A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York; author of  
"Theory of the Law of Evidence," etc.*

NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
1890



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## INTRODUCTION

### I.

ON October 8, 1600, Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had taken his freedom on June 3 of that year,<sup>1</sup> entered for publication *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Stationers' Register as fol-

The New York Shakespeare Society is desirous of printing the names of subscribers to the Bankside Shakespeare in the concluding volume of this Edition. Will subscribers who receive this volume please send their names for the purpose either to the Society directly at No. 21 Park Row, New York, or in care of Brentano's, Union Square, New York City.

above quoted  
This Roberts Quarto corresponds, page for page, with the Fisher, excepting in the leaves G and G2, which, in the Fisher Quarto, appear to have been set up a line short, thus making the top line of page G3 *recto* become the fourth line of that page in the Fisher.

<sup>1</sup> Register Stationers' Company, iii. 174.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 174.

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## INTRODUCTION

### I.

ON October 8, 1600, Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had taken his freedom on June 3 of that year,<sup>1</sup> entered for publication *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Stationers' Register as follows:—

[A. D. 1600] 8 Octobris.

Thomas ffyssher Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master RODES | and the Warden, A booke called *A Mydsommer Nightes Dream*. . . . vj<sup>d</sup>.<sup>2</sup>

From the statement upon the title-page, below the publisher's device — "Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to | be foulded at his shoppe. at the Signe of the White Hart, | in Fleetestreete. 1600." — it seems that Fisher then kept a stationer's shop, and had employed some one else to print the book for him, and that it was issued during the calendar year 1600.

About the same time there appeared also another quarto edition of the same play, bearing the same title-page, except that the publisher's device thereon was a different one, and followed by the words, "Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600," instead of those above quoted.

This Roberts Quarto corresponds, page for page, with the Fisher, excepting in the leaves G and G2, which, in the Fisher Quarto, appear to have been set up a line short, thus making the top line of page G3 *recto* become the fourth line of that page in the Fisher.

<sup>1</sup> Register Stationers' Company, iii. 174.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 174.

With the end of the latter page, however, which concludes with the same final line in both quartos, the discrepancy ends.

The principal difference between the two quartos is in the spelling, which is more modern in the Roberts than in the Fisher.

It is demonstrable, from internal evidence, that the printers who set up the Roberts Quarto must have used the Fisher Quarto, and not manuscript, for their copy. Pages B *verso* and B2 *recto*, in some copies of the Roberts Quarto, are identical with the corresponding pages of the Fisher Quarto, having the same peculiarities of spelling, and having been evidently printed from the same type and the same form, while in other copies of the Roberts Quarto these two pages have the more modernized spelling which characterizes the rest of that edition.

This can only be explained upon the theory that the Fisher Quarto was first printed, and that the forms used for printing these two pages of it were afterward used to print the corresponding pages of the first issue of the Roberts Quarto. But certain typographical errors which could not have originated in manuscript are found in both quartos, as, for example, the inversion of lines 2115 and 2116, which the sense requires should read :—

2116 And the owner of it blest  
2115 Ever shall in safety rest.

It is very evident that by an error of the printer who set them up in the Fisher Quarto these lines were transposed, and that the printer who copied the error in setting up the Roberts Quarto got it from a printed page of the Fisher Quarto, and not from any manuscript.

It is universally conceded that the text of the Folio must have been printed from a copy of the Roberts

Quarto corrected in manuscript, and which had probably been used as a prompt-book in the Globe Theatre. This is shown by the number of errors peculiar to the Roberts Quarto, which are reproduced in the Folio. The most striking of these is the transposition in the Roberts Quarto of line 916 of the Fisher Quarto, so that instead of coming in its proper place after line 915 it is put before line 914, making the whole passage read : —

912 *Tita* I pray thee gentle Mortall, sing againe,  
 913 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note ;  
 916 On the first view to say, I sweare I love thee.  
 914 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
 915 And thy fair vertues force [perforce] doth move me

This transposition, which was evidently made by a slip of the printer in setting up the type, has been followed in the Folio.

See also the following instances, collected by Mr. J. W. Ebbsworth, where departures from the Fisher text made in the Roberts Quarto, and followed in the Folio, have either weakened or destroyed the sense : —

LINE.	<i>Fisher Text.</i>	<i>Roberts Text, followed by Folio.</i>	LINE.
209	No fault of mine	None of mine	212
509	That very time I saw	That very time I say	530
533	The next thing then	The next thing when	555
547	and wodde [i. e. mad]	and wood	569
613	wrap a Fairy in	rap a Fairy in	635
1581	their being here	this being heere	1648
1620	in fancy following mee	in fancy followed me	1684

And the following, in which they have marred the versification : —

180	loues [rhyming with doues]	loue	182
458	thorough	through	479
459	hoary headed	hoared headed	480
529	roūd about the	about the	551
1150	<i>Helen</i> , it is not so	It is not so	1196

The most noticeable feature connected with the Roberts Quarto is the fact that it is not entered upon the Stationers' Register, and must therefore have either been printed without a license or under the license issued to Fisher. The effect of Fisher's license was to confer upon him the exclusive right to print the book therein described, and as the Roberts Quarto differed from Fisher's only in having certain typographical errors, and more modern spelling, it was practically a reissue of the same book, and the license applied to it as well as to the original publication. Now if Roberts had ventured to republish Fisher's copy without his consent, he might naturally have expected the latter to "make a Star-Chamber matter of it,"<sup>1</sup> especially as we know, from a subsequent entry made by him in the Stationers' Register,<sup>2</sup> that Fisher continued a member of the Company of the Stationers as late as October, 1601. It is therefore a fair inference that the Roberts Quarto was printed under the license issued to Fisher, and by his authority, not later than March 24, 1601, which, according to the calendar then in use, was the last day of the year (1600), printed on its title-page. The issue of a second edition within five months and a half after the printing of the play was licensed, all of which, except two pages, was printed from type newly set up, is pretty good evidence that the first edition was exhausted much more rapidly than the publisher anticipated, and the fact that the forms of two, and of only two, pages of the original edition were used in printing the second shows that only these two forms were obtainable by Roberts,

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to vol. iii., *Bankside Shakespeare*, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> This entry is as follows: "24<sup>o</sup> Octobris (1601), Matthew Lownes, Thomas fflyssher Entred for their Copeye under the handes of the Warden, a booke called the ffyrst and second partes of the play called Anthoni and Melida. . . . vjd *Provided*, that he get lawful licens for yt."



who was doubtless prevented from getting more of them by the fact that the others had been already broken up and the type distributed. This, of course, would not have been done until as many impressions had been taken from them as the printers thought likely to be required for a long time. The modernization of the spelling was probably the work of the printer who set up the new forms, done upon his own responsibility, and the spelling of the two pages of the Fisher Quarto which were utilized by Roberts was altered after the issue of a few copies, so as to secure uniformity. The early exhausting of the first edition, which was the more correct of the two, having been set up from manuscript probably furnished by the author, would explain why the players seem to have used a copy of the Roberts Quarto for their prompt-book. If the two editions had both been on sale at the same time, the preference would naturally have been given to the Fisher Quarto as the more correct as well as authorized edition.

## II.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a humorist as well. Besides the fanciful imagination that "bodies forth the form of things unknown" and the poet's pen that "turns them to shapes," he had also a very keen sense of the ridiculous. This latter faculty served to "beget a temperance in the very whirlwind of his passion," and saved him from that o'erstepping the "modesty of nature" which, while it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; and it must have made him fully conscious of the many difficulties that necessarily attended the hazardous undertaking of attempting to introduce the Warwickshire fairies upon the dramatic stage in this play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In order to fully appreciate the difficulties of the

enterprise, we must understand, first, what it was that he had to do ; and, secondly, the means at his command with which to accomplish it.

The fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are not the fays or fairies of romance, like Spenser's *Faëry Queen*, Gloriana, or King Arthur's sister, Morgue la Faye, or the Princess Tryamour in the *Romance of Sir Launfal*, or her who unfolded the future to Thomas of Ercildoune beneath the eldyn tree, all of whom are represented as being of the human race, differing from ordinary mortals only in their superlative beauty of form and feature, and in their endowment with powers beyond those allotted to men. The fairies of the play, on the contrary, are the elves or fairies of folk-lore, with which the people of all England, both rich and poor, and of high and low degree, were already more or less familiar from the tales constantly repeated from their very childhood. These fairies had thus acquired with the people of his day as distinct a personality as that which the most familiar personages of history possess for our minds now ; so that a dramatist who should then have represented an Oberon or Puck differing in any respect from the popular notion in regard to him, would have been open to the same criticism that would be encountered by one making a wide departure from the well-known facts of history in such plays as *Julius Cæsar* and *King Richard the Third*. In the one case, as in the other, his task was merely to represent, illustrate, and embellish characters already well known, and he was therefore obliged to preserve their identity at all hazards. Julius Cæsar must always be recognizable as the conqueror of the world, and King Richard as the hunchback tyrant. Now let us consider for a moment what was the popular notion about the appearance of the English fairies. "The Fairies of Eng-

land," says Mr. Keightly, in his *Fairy Mythology*,<sup>1</sup> "are evidently the Dwarfs of Germany and the North, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appellation was Elves, subsequently Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them, of which hardly a vestige is now remaining in the English language. They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes: rural Elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic or house spirits, usually called Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows."

However conflicting the local traditions and beliefs might be in other respects, they all agreed in one particular. The elves were very little people. Ger vase of Tilbury, nephew of Henry II. of England, and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire under Otho IV., writing about the beginning of the thirteenth century, describes a kind of goblins in England, called *Portuni*, as less than half an inch in stature, but with faces wrinkled like those of old men. And the author of *Round about our Coal-fire*, an old tract quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, but now, so far as known, no longer extant, says:—

My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and they were *little, little creatures*, clothed in green.

The moment any one saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck blind of an eye. They lived underground, and generally came out of a mole-hill.

They had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moonshiny night around, or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow.

This is a pretty good epitome of the popular belief which prevailed throughout England concerning the rural elves or fairies from long before Shake-

<sup>1</sup> Page 281, ed. 1884.

spere's time, and which doubtless continues to be held in some parts of the country, among the peasantry, even down to the present day. Ideas as to their size differed somewhat, but from all we can gather they were generally thought to be from six inches to two feet in height. The Hobgoblins, or Robin Goodfellows, were supposed to be rather larger. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*,<sup>1</sup> written about 1621, after referring to what Paracelsus says about the fairies, which in Germany "do usually walk in little coats some two foot long," adds, "A bigger kind there is of them, called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work."

Although these Robin Goodfellows were sometimes spoken of as a class of fairies, as evidence the quotation from Burton above given, and the following from Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594, "The Robin Goodfellows, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former days and the phantastical world of Greece ycleped fawnes, satyrs, dryades, and hamadryads, did most of their merry pranks in the night," yet it would seem that shortly before Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there had grown up a disposition to personify the whole class of Robin Goodfellows in one particular sprite bearing that name. He is described in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, printed in 1590, as "famoused in every old wives' chronicle for his mad and merry pranks," and is thus spoken of by Reginald Scott<sup>2</sup> in 1584: "Indeed your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before him (Incubus) and his cousin Robin Goodfellow for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house

<sup>1</sup> Page 47

<sup>2</sup> *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, iv. ch. 10.

at midnight, and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or goodwife of the house, having compassion on his nakedness, laid away clothes for him beside his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee." The fullest and most interesting account of him, however, is found in an old and very rare black-letter pamphlet, printed at London in 1628, entitled "*Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Fests*," which Mr. Collier reprinted in 1841 for the Percy Society, as did also the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in his *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology*, published by the Shakespeare Society in 1845. While from certain references to the use of tobacco made in one of the songs occurring in the second part of this work, it is evident that this part was written some years after *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I think Messrs. Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and Keightly are undoubtedly correct in concluding from internal evidence, that the composition of the first part dates back to a period anterior to the play, and that Shakespeare must have either seen an earlier edition of this first part of the book or have been familiar with the traditions it records. In this work Robin Goodfellow is represented as the son of a "proper young wench by a hee-fayrie, a king or something of that kind among them," who early develops a spirit of mischief, and when only six years of age runs off from home in order to escape a whipping, which his mother had promised him. He is endowed by his fairy parent with the power of transforming himself into whatever shape he pleases, and at once engages in a series of pranks such as are related of himself by Puck in the play. In the second part he is mentioned as being on one occasion much offended because a maid, whose work he had been doing for her, observing that he was rather bare of clothing,

sought to express her sense of obligation for his kindness to her by making him a waistcoat. His appearance was believed to be that of a child of six years old, whose costume consisted of a broom, usually carried on his shoulder, and nothing more.

It is worthy of notice that in the second part Robin's father is several times called "Obreon," while in the first he is never distinguished by a proper name.

Such was the material which came ready-made to Shakespeare's hand. A touch of his magic genius endowed the humble fairies of the simple country folk with all the qualities and possessions of the fairies of romance with which the nobility had been made familiar through *Spenser's Faëry Queen*, and transmuted them into those Fairies of Poetry, which are of all creations of the human imagination the most fanciful and charming. He transported them to Fairyland, where he set up a kingdom for them, and as Puck was the only one of these elves who up to this time possessed a name and a personality, he had to provide them with a king and queen.

About the year 1570 appeared an English translation, by Lord Berners, of the old French romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*. One of the characters in this was Oberon, the King of Fairyland. Dr. Grimm has shown that this Oberon is evidently the same as the dwarf Albrich, who figures in the Nibelungen Lied. In translating the name into French the first syllable, *Al*, naturally became *Au*, and the German diminutive *ich* was changed to its French equivalent *on*, which gives us Auberon; the transition from which to Oberon is obvious. That this derivation is correct is demonstrated by the great similarity between this Oberon in *Huon of Bordeaux* and the dwarf King Elberich, in the old romance of Ortnit, or Otnit, in the German Heldenbuch. According

to Oberon's account of himself in *Huon of Bordeaux*, he was the son of Julius Cæsar and a fairy known as "The Ladie of the Secret Isle," whose elder son is incidentally mentioned as the father of Alexander the Great. We are further told that at Oberon's birth the fairies all bestowed wondrous gifts upon him, but one of them, who had not been invited to be present upon the auspicious occasion, declared that he should stop growing when he attained the age of three years, and, in consequence, although he lived for many centuries, he always preserved the same very juvenile appearance, but as some compensation for this his face was the most beautiful on earth. What more natural than for Shakespeare to select as the ruler in Fairyland, over the rural elves so familiar to the common people, this Oberon, who was already well known as a fairy king to the nobility through Lord Berners's translation of *Huon of Bordeaux*? And what more appropriate ruler for these elves, deriving their origin from the Northland dwarfs, than Oberon or Albrich, the original dwarf king? The name of Titania, his queen, as pointed out by Mr. Keightly,<sup>1</sup> is found in Ovid, as another appellation for Diana, and was evidently selected because of the belief which widely prevailed in Shakespeare's time that the fairies were the same as the nymphs described in Greek mythology as attending on that goddess when she hunted in the woods. Shakespeare likewise gave the elves a new employment. As the dwarfs were supposed to live underground, and put into operation the subterranean forces of nature, so these elves of the new Fairyland were assigned to the task of superintending the processes of vegetation and the permutation of the seasons. Titania says to Oberon:—

<sup>1</sup> *Fairy Mythology*, p. 325, ed. 1884.





fairies personated by boys, and all the talking fairies by boys large enough to be able not only to commit their parts, but also to recite them effectively. Evidently from design, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed are given only three or four words apiece to speak in the whole play, in order that their parts could be taken by very young children. As there was no stage scenery in Shakespeare's day — only properties — all the smaller elves that were wont to

Creep into acorn cups and hide them there

could only be *imagined* by the audience, for the gorgeous transformation fairy scenes of the present day, with all their ingenious mechanical contrivances and optical delusions, were yet far distant in the future.

The only stage machinery of his time was the trap-door through which the "ghost rises," and some arrangement of pulleys by which gods and goddesses were let down from the ceiling. The stage was hung around with painted cloths and arras, which, when tragedy was played, were sometimes black. At the back of the stage was a balcony, "which," says Richard Grant White, "like the furniture in the Duke Aranza's cottage, served 'a hundred uses.' It was inner room, upper room, window, balcony, battlements, hillside, Mount Olympus, any place, in fact, which was supposed to be separated from and above the scene of the main action." It must have been either on or under this balcony that, when Bottom and his company meet for their rehearsal in the wood, Titania is discovered asleep — doubtless upon a portable "mossy bank," like those we sometimes see upon the stage at the present day. Everything else in the way of scenery the audience were expected to "make believe," as, for example, in the

old play of *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, published in 1594, a stage direction naively tells the audience to "suppose the Temple of Mahomet," to which the hero is seen carrying the dead body of his father in a solemn funeral procession. The changes of scene which the audience were expected to suppose were either indicated by the language of the actors as they entered, or by the introduction of some piece of furniture or property, helped, it might be, as Sir Philip Sidney says, if the supposed scene were Thebes, by "seeing Thebes written in great letters on an old door." Indeed, in some cases, the audience was called upon to imagine not only the change of scenery, but even the existence of stage properties which the management found it impracticable to provide, for in an old MS. copy of Wm. Percy's *Fairy Pastoral*,<sup>1</sup> written about A.D. 1600, we find the following note appended to the list of properties for the play: "Now if so be that the properties or any of them that be outward will not serve the turne by reason of the concourse of the people on the stage then you may omitt the sayd propertees which be outward and supply their places with their nuncupations only in text letters." Still, however, it must be borne in mind that there was a limit beyond which the imaginations of even Elizabethan playgoers could not be safely drawn upon. Although they were as willing to make believe scenery as our children are nowadays to make believe the different apartments of the extemporized houses provided as the habitations of their dolls, yet like these same

<sup>1</sup> See Collier's *Annals of Stage*, vol. iii. p. 358. This play was printed in 1824 for the Roxburgh Club, being edited by Joseph Hazlewood, but I have been unable to get access to a copy of this publication to verify Mr. Collier's quotation. Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his introduction to *Percy's Sonnets* (Occasional Issues, vol. iv. p. vi.), states that the original MS. of this play was then (1877) at Alnwick Castle.

children they appear to have insisted that the actors in their dramas should be so far as possible correctly costumed. Glaring anachronisms in costumes were indeed freely tolerated, but this was evidently for the reason that even well-educated people had not the knowledge to detect them, for their information about the ancients was derived almost entirely from such classical writers as Plutarch, Livy, and the poets and dramatists, and was not supplemented, as ours is, by numerous pictorial illustrations from authentic sources.

When, therefore, in the play of *Pericles*, the scene of which is laid in the time of Antiochus the Great, one of the characters talks about his pistol, the anachronism does not seem to have attracted enough attention to have been brought to the notice of the author, who might easily have removed it by substituting the word dagger for pistol. What the public of that day seems to have demanded was that the actors should be correctly costumed according to the prevailing ideas on the subject, and especially that the costumes should accord with the supposed rank in life of the various characters assumed. To meet this demand the managers appear to have gone to considerable expense for costumes, it being customary to buy, for stage use, slightly worn court dresses and the gorgeous robes worn at coronations. The Alleyn papers give £16 as the price of one embroidered velvet cloak, and £20 10s. as that of another, while Henslowe's diary records the payment of £4 14s. for a pair of hose and of £3 10s. for "a robe for to goo invisabell." A pound sterling was at that time equivalent in value to about \$25 of our money at present, and the largest price recorded by Henslowe as paid for a play was £8, the smallest £4.

In some particulars the stage representation appears to have been realistic to a degree which could

not be ventured upon in our time. For instance, from the books of the Whitsunday miracle plays, which were performed annually at Chester until 1577, and of the Corpus Christi mysteries played at Coventry down to 1591, it clearly appears that in the play of the *Fall of Man*, as given in both series, Adam and Eve appeared upon the stage in costumes which accurately corresponded with the inspired description given in the book of Genesis, and after having eaten of the forbidden fruit they proceeded, in the presence of the audience, to add the historic fig-leaf aprons to their wardrobe — from which we may fairly infer that Shakespeare would have little embarrassment in bringing Puck upon the stage in such costume as would correspond with the popular superstition in regard to his appearance.

In Dr. Simon Forman's description of a performance of *Macbeth* that he saw at the Globe Theatre in 1610, he tells "how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, faeries, or nymphs," etc. The late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, commenting on this,<sup>1</sup> says, "He could hardly have been mistaken in the statement that Macbeth and Banquo made their first appearance on horseback, a curious testimony to the rude endeavors of the stage managers of the day to invest their representations with something of reality," and adds in a note<sup>2</sup> that they were mounted "most probably on hobby-horses, for it is hardly possible that there could have been room on the stage of the Globe Theatre for the introduction of living animals." If this view is correct and Macbeth and Banquo did actually come upon the stage mounted on hobby-horses, we may fairly infer that this was not the first or only occasion hobby-horses

<sup>1</sup> *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 3d ed., p. 199.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 348.

were introduced, but that they probably played quite an important part in the representation of Agincourt in *Henry V.* and upon Bosworth Field in *Richard III.* And if such be the case, it would strongly indicate that the play-going public in Shakespeare's day, while quite ready to imagine any place which the action of the play might require, expected the players who might appear in that scene should faithfully represent in appearance and costume the characters whose parts they took. Now in order to carry out Shakespeare's poetical conception of the fairy tribe and their occupations, it was absolutely necessary for the rank and file of them at least to be extremely small, but the supposition that even the smallest children who might be brought upon the stage to represent them could "creep into acorn cups and hide them there," or make them coats from the leathern wings of the rere-mice, would involve a degree of absurdity which, unless skilfully thrown into the background, might transform the entire performance into a burlesque. As our sense of the ludicrous is derived from the perception of incongruities, and as the force with which these incongruities strike us is largely dependent upon their being brought before us unexpectedly, it follows that many things which, under some circumstances, would strike us as extremely ridiculous might, under others, seem perfectly natural, as, for instance: An ancient Greek who, wandering by the seashore on a stormy day, suddenly encountered a solitary stranger delivering an impassioned oration to the roaring waves, would, doubtless, under ordinary circumstances, have suspected the man of being crazy; but had he been told beforehand that Demosthenes, the orator, was in the habit of frequenting that place and indulging in such exercises for the purpose of training himself to speak before a noisy assembly without embarrass-

ment, he could have comprehended the situation at the first glance, and would most likely have found himself in full sympathy with it. Shakespeare was well aware of this, and having a very keen sense of humor, which must have often been strongly worked upon by the poverty of the stage appointments and resources of his day, we see how, in the play of *King Henry V.*, he took especial pains to guard against the natural effect upon his audience of the absurdity of his attempt to represent

With four or five most vile and ragged foils  
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous  
The name of Agincourt

by introducing the chorus before each act, in order to make a direct appeal to their imaginations, and so bring them into full sympathy with the play.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the absurdity is of a different kind, he seeks to counteract it by the different method of throwing it into the background by contrast with other situations intended to strike the beholder as still more absurd. Hence the introduction of Nick Bottom and his company of "hard-handed men of Athens" in their clumsy attempt to adequately represent before the Duke and Duchess on their wedding-day "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby." It is to be noted that the clowns are introduced upon the stage in the scene immediately preceding that in which the fairies first appear, so that the spectators, having just indulged in a hearty laugh over the incongruity between the amateur actors and the parts which they have selected to perform, are in a frame of mind to be but little astonished at the appearance of Puck and a fairy who, if represented by children, probably accorded pretty well with the popular ideas of those characters. The conversation of this pair, describing their respective

occupations and pursuits, unfolds to the auditor Shakespeare's poetic conception of the fairies, and so awakens a sympathy whereby the imagination is more readily enlisted to aid in piecing out the imperfections of the actors and the scenery when "Enter from one side Oberon and his train, from the other Titania with hers." And so we may observe throughout the entire play the consummate skill with which the clowns are always employed to prevent the fairies from appearing ridiculous by constantly presenting, in direct contrast to them, some outrageous absurdities of their own, in comparison with which everything about the latter that might otherwise seem extravagant is completely thrown into the shade. For when once the audience has been duly prepared for what it has to expect in that remarkable interlude to be played before the Duke, when half the face of Snug the joiner must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through its mane to assure them that he is a man as other men are, and when "some one else must come in with a bunch of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine," and finally "some man or other must present Wall and . . . have some plaster or some loam or some rough-cast about him to signify Wall," the height of the ridiculous in histrionic representation has already been attained, and every other absurdity must seem insignificant by comparison.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 8th ed. vol. ii. p. 260, says: "One little fragment of the contemporary stage humour displayed in the representation of this play has been recorded. When Thisbe killed herself she fell upon the scabbard and not upon the trusty sword—to express both the stupidity and the nervousness of the clowns." The record here referred to is as follows: Sharpham in his comedy of the *Fleire*, printed in 1607, has this piece of dialogue:—

*Kin.* And how lives he with 'am?

*Fle.* Faith, like Thisbe in the play, 'a has almost killed himself with the scabberd.

The complete success which attended this device for overcoming the difficulties in the way of introducing the fairies upon the stage is proved by the great popularity of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from the very first. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says, "The fact of the two editions of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* appearing in a single year indicates the popularity of that exquisite but singular drama, the comic scenes of which appear to have been specially relished by the public." Indeed, as we find portions of these comic scenes incorporated almost word for word into German plays written prior to 1636, we must conclude that this drama had either already won a continental reputation or else was acted in Germany not many years after it was written.<sup>1</sup> The poetic parts of the play seem to have

<sup>1</sup> The following extract, from Kohn's *Shakespeare in Germany* (p. cxxx.) is interesting upon this point:—

The comedy of the clowns in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* must have come to Germany before 1636, as the *Absurda Comica, or Mr. Peter Squenz\** of Andreas Gryphius (born 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; died 1664, a hundred years after Shakespeare's birth), is an imitation of

\* *Absurda Comica, oder Herr Peter Squenz, Schimpff Spiel*, 8vo, s. l. c. a. (circa, 1660). Two editions probably printed in same year. Reprinted in the collective edition of Gryphius's works, 8vo, Breslau, 1698, in Tieck's *Deutsches Theater*, vol. ii., and in G. Bredow's edition, 8vo, Breslau, 1823. There has been a good deal of dispute about the first invention of the story on which the clown's Interlude in this play is founded. Henry Schmid (*Nekrolog der Deutschen Dichter*, 8vo, Berlin, 1785, vol. i. p. 122) maintains that it is of French origin, but he has not brought forth the proof which he promised. Bredow (in the work mentioned above, p. 103), Wachler (*Vorlesungen über Deutsche Literatur*, 8vo, Frankfurt, 1818, vol. ii. p. 60), and H. L. Voss (*Shakespeare's Dramatische Werke*, vol. i. p. 505) contend that the older play from which Gryphius copied was composed in imitation of a German farce. The extracts given above will clearly show that Gryphius's piece is directly derived from Shakespeare. According to Bredow, Peter Squenz was from an early period a current designation of a clown. A parody of Gryphius's piece is Christian Weise's *Neue Parodie eines Neuen Peter Squenzes von lauter Absurdis Comicis*, in *Zittauisches Theatrum*, 8vo, Zittau, 1683.



been equally as popular with the higher classes, for it was acted more than once before royalty, both in it, which the author confessed to have taken from a version by Daniel Schwenter, who died in 1636. His piece, which appears to be lost, must have been very popular, as may be concluded from Gryphius's "Address to the reader," which is as follows : —

"Kind and honored reader — Mr. Peter Squenz, now no longer unknown in Germany, and in his own opinion greatly celebrated, is here presented to you. Although his ideas may not all have quite so much point as he vainly imagines to himself, they have nevertheless till now been accepted and laughed at in different theatres, not without the special amusement of the spectators. For which reason then, persons have been found here and there, who have neither shame nor scruple to give themselves out for his father. . . . But that he may no longer have to thank strangers for his origin, know that Daniel Schwenter, who has deserved well of all Germany, and is well practised in all sorts of languages and mathematical sciences, first brought him upon the stage in Altdorf, from which place he wandered further and further, till at last he met my dearest friend who equipped him better, added to him some new characters, and had him represented together with one of his tragedies, to the eyes and judgment of all. But as he was afterward quite forgotten by him, more important affairs engrossing his attention, I have been so bold as to demand him from the library of my said friend, to have him printed and sent to you, my gentle and most honored reader."

Tieck's conjecture that Schwenter wrote his *Peter Squenz* after the Interlude of *Bottom the Weaver* is altogether false, as *Bottom the Weaver* was not printed till 1660, and certainly not played much before that time. Nothing can be more probable than that Shakespeare's piece was brought to Germany by the English comedians. Such a farce would have been especially suited to their object. That the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* belonged to the acting stock of the comedians is very unlikely. On the contrary, they probably only took from it the comedy of the clowns, as may also have been done occasionally in England. That Gryphius's piece is derived directly from Shakespeare must be evident to everybody at a first glance. It is almost the same arrangement, scene for scene, and hardly one of Shakespeare's jokes has been omitted. The few following passages may serve as a specimen : —

the days of Queen Bess and during the reign of her immediate successor ;<sup>1</sup> and it appears that in 1631

## ACT I.

*Clown.* But tell us, Master Peter Squenz, has the lion much to speak ?

*Peter Squenz.* No, he has only to roar.

*Pickelhäring.* Well then let me be the lion : for I don't like having much to learn by heart.

*Peter Squenz.* Oh, no. M. Pickelhäring must act a principal part. . . .

*Kricks.* Yes, but I rather think it would sound awful for a furious lion to come in bounding up the stage, without saying anything, the ladies would be too much frightened.

*Klotz George.* I think so too. On account of the pregnant women particularly, it would be advisable to say at the beginning that you are no lion at all, but only Master Klipperl, the joiner. . . .

*Kricks.* Don't be afraid of that my dear brother-in-law. Master Peter Squenz is a clever man ; he is sure to make the lion speak.

*Klipperl.* Don't be afraid of that. I will roar so charmingly that the King and Queen shall say. My sweet lion, pray roar again.

*Peter Squenz.* Let your nails grow somewhat nice and long, and do not have your beard shaved, and you will resemble the lion all the more. . . . Ovidus the Ecclesiastic, says the moon did shine, but we don't know whether the moon will shine when we shall act the play.

*Kricks.* That is easily managed : We must refer to the Calendar, and see if the moon will shine on that day. . . .

*Master Lollinger.* Here I have one : it is a legacy from my grandfather's aunt. . . .

*Kricks.* Listen to what has occurred to me. I will tie a plush around my body, and carry a light in a lantern, and thus represent the moon. What do you think of that ? . . .

*Peter Squenz.* How shall we do for a wall ? Pyramus and Thisbe must talk together through the chink in the wall.

*Klipperl.* I think it would be best to paint one of you with lime-water, and to put him on the stage. He would have to say he was the Wall ; and when Pyramus is to speak into his mouth, he must speak into the chink, and if Thisbe should

<sup>1</sup> *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 8th ed. p. 306.

the Rt. Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, had it acted in his house on Sunday, September 27. This performance seems to have created as great a scandal among the Puritans of that day as a similar entertainment at an American Bishop's house on a Sunday would probably occasion among devout churchmen in our own times, as is shown by a letter still preserved at Lambeth Palace, which was written

want to say anything he would have to turn his mouth to Thisbe.\*

\* The original is as follows :—

“*Pickelhäring*. ? . . Aber saget Herr Peter Squenz. Hat der Löwe auch viel zu reden? — *Peter Squenz*. Neiu, der Löwe muss nur brüllen. — *Pickelhäring*. Ey so wil ich der Löwe seyn, denn ich lerne nicht gerne viel auswendig. — *Peter Squenz*. Ey nein! Mons. Pickelhäring muss ein Hauptperson agiren. . . . — *Kricks*. Ja mich dünket aber, es solte zu schrecklich lauten, wenu ein grimmiger Löwe hereingesprungen käme, und gar kein Wort sagte, das Frauenzimmer werde sich zu heftig entsetzen. — *Klotz George*. Ich halte es auch dafür. Sonderlich wäre rathsam wegen schwangerer Weiber, dass ihr nur bald aufänglich sagtet, ihr wäret kein rechter Löwe, sondern nur Meister Klipperl, der Schreiner. . . . — *Kricks*. Kümmeret euch nicht darum lieber Schwager, Herr Peter Squentz ist ein gescheidener Mann, er wird dem Löwen wol zu reden machen. — *Klipperl*. Kümmeret euch nicht, kümmeret euch nicht, il wil so lieblich brüllen, dass der Koenig unt die Königen sagen sallen, mein liebes Löwichen brülle noch einmal. — *Peter Squenz*. Lasset euch unterdessen de Nägel sein lang waschen, unt den Bart nicht abscheren, so sehet ihr einem Löwen desto ähnlicher. . . . Der Kerchen-Lehrer Ovidius schreibet, das der Monden gescheinen habe, nun wissen wir nicht ob der Monde auch schinen werde, wenn wir das Spiel tragiren werden. — *Kricks*. Dem ist leicht zu helfen, wir müssen in Calendar sehen, ob der Monde denselben Tag scheinen wird. — *Klotz George*. Ja, wen wir nun einen hätten. — *Meister Lollinger*. Hier habe ich einen, den habe ich von meines Gross-Vatern Muhme ererbet. . . . — *Kricks*. Hört, was mir eingefallen ist, ich wil mir einen Pusch um den Leib binden, und ein Licht in einer Laterne tragen, und den Monden tragiren, was düncket euch zu den sachen? . . . — *Peter Squenz*. Wie werden wir es mit der Wand machen? . . . Pirus und Thisbe müssen mit einander dur das Loch in der Wand reden. — *Klipperl*. Mich dünket, es wäre am besten, man beschmierte einen um und um mit Leim-wellern, und steckte ihn auf de Bühne, er müste sagen das er die Wand wäre, wenn nun Pirus reden soll, müste er ihme zum Maule, das ist zum Loch, hineinreden. Wenn nun Thisbe was sagen wolte, müste er das Maul nach der Thisbe kehren.”

by one John Spencer to a lady who went to the play, which, it will be noticed, the writer concedes to be very attractive, and from the language used it is evident that the appearance of the fairies was regarded as the most striking feature in it. He says to her, "Though you were drawne with the Bishopp's coach to his house to heare such excellent musicke, such rare concerts, and to see such curious actors, and such a number of people to behold the same, yett all was but vanity and vexation of spiritt; and the more vanity, the more vexation of spiritt, because it was upon the Lord's day, which should have been taken up with better meditations and contemplations of heaven and heavenly things."

WILLIAM REYNOLDS.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No.     : is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.  
THOMAS R. PRICE.  
WM. H. FLEMING.  
APPLETON MORGAN.





A  
Midfommer nights  
dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub-  
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-  
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his  
*seruants.*

*Written by William Shakeſpeare.*



¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to  
be ſould at his ſhoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,  
in *Fleetſtreete*. 1600.



A  
MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.





A  
MIDSOMMER NIGHTS  
DREAME.

1 1           *Enter Thefeus, Hippolita, with others.*

2                           *Thefeus.*

3    N Ow faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower  
 4    Draws on apafe : fower happy daies bring in  
 5    An other Moone : but oh, me thinks, how flow  
 6    This old Moone waues ! She lingers my defires,  
 7    Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,  
 8    Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.  
 9    *hip.* Fower daies will quickly steepe themfelues in night :  
 10 Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time :  
 11 And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,  
 12 Now bent in heauen, fhall beholde the night  
 13 13 Of our folemnyties.  
 14    *the.* Goe *Philostrate*,  
 15 Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,  
 16 Awake the peart and nimble fpirit of mirth,  
 17 Turne melancholy forth to funerals :  
 18 The pale companion is not for our pomp.





A  
MIDSOMMER  
Nights Dreame.

---

*Actus primus.*

---

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.* 1

*Theseus.* 2

**N**ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre 3  
 Draws on apace : foure happy daies bring in 4  
 Another Moon : but oh, me thinkes, how slow 5  
 This old Moon wanes ; She lingers my desires 6  
 Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager, 7  
 Long withering out a yong mans reuennew. 8  
*Hip.* Foure daies wil quickly steep thēfelues in nights 9  
 Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time: 10  
 And then the Moone, like to a filuer bow, 11  
 Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night 12  
 Of our solemnities. 13  
*The.* Go *Philoftrate,* 14  
 Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments, 15  
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth, 16  
 Turne melancholy forth to Funerals : 17  
 The pale companion is not for our pompe, 18

19 *Hyppolitæ*, I woo'd thee with my fword,  
 20 And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries :  
 21 But I will wed thee in another key,  
 22 With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

23 *Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lyfander*  
 24 *and Helena, and Demetrius.*

25 *Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke.

26 *The.* Thankes good *Egeus*. Whats the newes with thee

27 *Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint  
 28 Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

29 *Stand forth Demetrius.*

30 My noble Lord,

31 This man hath my consent to marry her.

32 *Stand forth Lisander.*

33 And my gracious Duke,

34 This man hath bewitcht the bofome of my childe.

35 Thou, thou *Lyfander*, thou haft giuen her rimes,

36 And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe :

37 Thou haft, by moone-light, at her windowe fung,

38 With faining voice, verfes of faining loue,

39 And stolne the impreffion of her phantafie :

40 With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

41 Knackes, trifles, nofegaies, fweete meates (mefengers

42 Of ftrong preualement in vnhardened youth)

43 With cunning haft thou filcht my daughters heart,

44 Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)

45 To ftubborne harfhneffe. And, my gracious Duke,

46 Be it fo, fhe will not here, before your Grace,

47 Consent to marry with *Demetrius*.

48 I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

49 As fhe is mine, I may difpofe of her :

50 Which fhall be, either to this gentleman,

51 Or to her death : according to our lawe,

52 Immediatly provided, in that cafe,

53 *The.* What fay you, *Hermia*? Be aduif'd, faire maid.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my fword, 19  
 And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries : 20  
 But I will wed thee in another key, 21  
 With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling. 22

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,* 23  
*and Demetrius.* 24

*Ege.* Happy be *Thefeus*, our renowned Duke. 25

*The.* Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee ? 26

*Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint 27  
 Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*. 28

*Stand forth Demetrius.* 29

My Noble Lord, 30

This man hath my confent to marrie her. 31

*Stand forth Lysander.* 32

And my gracious Duke, 33

This man hath bewitch'd the bofome of my childe: 34

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou haft giuen her rimes, 35

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe : 36

Thou haft by Moone-light at her window fung, 37

With faining voice, ver fes of faining loue, 38

And stolne the impreffion of her fantaſie, 39

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits, 40

Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meats (meſſengers 41

Of ſtrong preuailment in vnhardned youth ) 42

With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart, 43

Turn'd her obedience ( which is due to me ) 44

To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke, 45

Be it ſo ſhe will not heere before your Grace, 46

Confent to marrie with *Demetrius*, 47

I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens ; 48

As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her ; 49

Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman, 50

Or to her death, according to our Law, 51

Immediately provided in that caſe. 52

*The.* What fay you *Hermia*? be aduiſ'd faire Maide, 53

54 To you, your father should be as a God :  
 55 One that compof'd your beauties : yea and one,  
 56 To whome you are but as a forme in wax,  
 57 By him imprinted, and within his power,  
 58 To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :  
 59 *Demetrius* is a worthy gentleman.  
 60 *Her.* So is *Lisander.* *The.* In himfelfe he is :

61 But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,  
 62 The other must be held the worthier.  
 63 *Her.* I would my father lookt but with my eyes.  
 64 *The.* Rather your eyes must, with his iudgement, looke,  
 65 *Her.* I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.  
 66 I know not by what power, I am made bould ;  
 67 Nor how it may concerne my modesty,  
 68 In such a prefence, here to plead my thoughts :  
 69 But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe  
 70 The worst that may befall mee in this case,  
 71 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius.*  
 72 *The.* Either to dy the death, or to abiure,  
 74 73 For euer, the society of men.  
 74 Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question your desires,  
 75 Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,  
 76 Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)  
 77 You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,  
 78 For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd  
 79 To liue a barraine sifter all your life,  
 80 Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitlesse Moone.  
 81 Thrife blessed they, that master so there bloode,  
 82 To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage :  
 83 But earthlyer happy is the rose distild,  
 84 Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,  
 86 85 Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.  
 86 *Her.* So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord.  
 87 Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp

To you your Father should be as a God ;	54
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea and one	55
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe	56
By him imprinted : and within his power,	57
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :	58
<i>Demetrius</i> is a worthy Gentleman.	59
<i>Her.</i> So is <i>Lyfander</i> .	60
<i>The.</i> In himfelfe he is.	61
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.	62
The other must be held the worthier.	63
<i>Her.</i> I would my father look'd but with my eyes.	64
<i>The.</i> Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke.	65
<i>Her.</i> I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.	66
I know not by what power I am made bold,	67
Nor how it may concerne my modestie	68
In such a preface heere to pleade my thoughts :	69
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know	70
The worst that may befall me in this case,	71
If I refuse to wed <i>Demetrius</i> .	72
<i>The.</i> Either to dye the death, or to abiure	73
For euer the society of men.	74
Therefore faire <i>Hermia</i> question your desires,	75
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,	76
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)	77
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,	78
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,	79
To liue a barren sifter all your life,	80
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,	81
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,	82
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,	83
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,	84
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,	85
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.	86
<i>Her.</i> So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,	87
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp	88

- 88 Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwished yoake  
 89 My foule consents not to giue fouerainty.  
 90 *The.* Take time to pawfe, and by the next newe moone,  
 91 the sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,  
 92 For euerlasting bond of fellowhippe,  
 93 Vpon that day either prepare to dye,  
 94 For disobediencie to your fathers will,  
 95 Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,  
 96 Or on *Dianaes* altar to protest,  
 98 97 For aye, austeritie and single life.  
 98 *Deme.* Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld  
 99 Thy crazed title to my certaine right.  
 100 *Lys.* You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius* :  
 101 Let me haue *Hermias* : doe you marry him.  
 102 *Egeus.* Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue :  
 103 And what is mine, my loue shall render him.  
 104 And she is mine, and all my right of her  
 105 I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.  
 106 *Lysand.* I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,  
 107 As well possessest : my loue is more than his :  
 108 My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt  
 109 (If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :  
 110 And (which is more then all these boastes can be)  
 111 I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.  
 112 Why should not I then profecute my right ?  
 113 *Demetrius*, Ile auouch it to his heade,  
 114 Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,  
 115 And won her foule : and she (Iweete Ladie) dotes,  
 116 Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,  
 118 117 Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.  
 118 *The.* I must confesse, that I haue heard so much ;  
 119 And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof ;  
 120 But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,  
 121 My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,  
 122 And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee :  
 123 I haue some priuate schooling for you both.

Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,	89
My foule consents not to giue soueraignty.	90
<i>The.</i> Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon	91
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,	92
For euerlasting bond of fellowship :	93
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,	94
For difobedience to your fathers will,	95
Or else to wed <i>Demetrius</i> as hee would,	96
Or on <i>Dianaes</i> Altar to proteft	97
For aie, austeritey, and single life.	98
<i>Dem.</i> Relent sweet <i>Hermia</i> , and <i>Lysander</i> , yeelde	99
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.	100
<i>Lys.</i> You haue her fathers loue, <i>Demetrius</i> :	101
Let me haue <i>Hermiaes</i> : do you marry him.	102
<i>Egeus.</i> Scornfull <i>Lysander</i> , true, he hath my Loue;	103
Aud what is mine, my loue shall render him.	104
And she is mine, and all my right of her,	105
I do estate vnto <i>Demetrius</i> .	106
<i>Lys.</i> I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,	107
As well possesse : my loue is more then his :	108
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd	109
( If not with vantage ) as <i>Demetrius</i> :	110
And ( which is more then all these boasts can be )	111
I am belou'd of beauteous <i>Hermia</i> .	112
Why should not I then profecute my right ?	113
<i>Demetrius</i> , Ile auouch it to his head,	114
Made loue to <i>Nedars</i> daughter, <i>Hele na</i> ,	115
And won her foule : and she (sweet Ladie)dotes,	116
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,	117
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.	118
<i>The.</i> I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,	119
And with <i>Demetrius</i> thought to haue spoke thereof :	120
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,	121
My minde did lose it. But <i>Demetrius</i> come,	122
And come <i>Egeus</i> , you shall go with me,	123
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.	124

124 For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,  
 125 To fit your fancies, to your fathers will ;  
 126 Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp  
 127 (Which by no meanes we may extenuate)  
 128 To death, or to a vowe of single life,  
 129 Come my *Hyppolita* : what cheare my loue ?  
 130 *Demetrius* and *Egeu.* goe along :  
 131 I must employ you in some businesse,  
 132 Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you  
 133 Of some thing, nerely that concernes your felues.  
 135 134 *Ege.* With duety and desire, we follow you. *Exeunt.*

135 *Lyfand.* How now my loue ? Why is your cheeke so pale ?  
 136 How chance the roses there doe fade so fast ?  
 137 *Her.* Belike, for want of raine : which I could well  
 138 Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.  
 139 *Lif.* Eigh me : for aught that I could euer reade,  
 140 Could euer here by tale or history,  
 141 The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe ;  
 142 But either it was different in bloud ;  
 143 *Her.* O crosse ! too high to be intrald to loue.  
 144 *Lif.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares ;  
 145 *Her.* O spight ! too olde to be ingag'd to young.  
 146 *Lif.* Or else, it stoode vpon the choyce of friends ;  
 147 *Her.* O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes !  
 148 *Lyf.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,  
 149 Warre, death or sicknesse, did lay siege to it ;  
 150 Making it momentany, as a found,  
 153 151 Swift, as a shadowe ; short, as any dreame ;  
 152 Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,  
 153 That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth ;  
 154 And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,  
 155 The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp :  
 156 So quicke bright things come to confusion.  
 157 *Her.* If then true louers haue bin euer croft,  
 158 It stands as an edict, in destiny :



For you faire <i>Hermia</i> , looke you arme your selfe,	125
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will ;	126
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp	127
( Which by no meanes we may extenuate )	128
To death, or to a vow of single life.	129
Come my <i>Hippolita</i> , what cheare my loue ?	130
<i>Demetrius</i> and <i>Egeus</i> go along :	131
I must imploy you in some businesse	132
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you	133
Of something, neerely that concernes your selues.	134
<i>Ege.</i> With dutie and desire we follow you. <i>Exeunt</i>	135
<i>Manet Lysander and Hermia.</i>	136
<i>Lys.</i> How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?	137
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast ?	138
<i>Her.</i> Belike for want of raine, which I could well	139
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.	140
<i>Lys.</i> For ought that euer I could reade,	141
Could euer heare by tale or historie,	142
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,	143
But either it was different in blood.	144
<i>Her.</i> O crosse ! too high to be enthral'd to loue.	145
<i>Lys.</i> Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.	146
<i>Her.</i> O spight ! too old to be ingag'd to yong.	147
<i>Lys.</i> Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.	148
<i>Her.</i> O hell ! to chooise loue by anothers eie.	149
<i>Lys.</i> Or if there were a simpathe in choise,	150
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it ;	151
Making it momentarie, as a found :	152
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,	153
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,	154
That (in a spleene ) vnfolde both heauen and earth ;	155
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,	156
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp :	157
So quicke bright things come to confusion.	158
<i>Her.</i> If then true Louers haue bene euer crost,	159
It stands as an edict in destinie :	160

- 159 Then let vs teach our triall patience :  
 160 Because it is a customary crosse,  
 161 As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,  
 162 Wisshes, and teares ; poore Fancies followers.  
 163 *Lys.* A good perswasion : therefore heare mee, *Hermia* :  
 164 I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,  
 165 Of great reuenuew, and she hath no childe :  
 166 From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues :  
 169 167 And she respectes mee, as her only sonne :  
 168 There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee :  
 169 And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law  
 170 Can not pursue vs. If thou louest mee, then  
 171 Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night :  
 172 And in the wood, a league without the towne  
 173 (Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*  
 174 To do obseruance to a morne of May)  
 175 There will I stay for thee.  
 176 *Her.* My good *Lysander*,  
 177 I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,  
 178 By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,  
 179 By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,  
 180 By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues,  
 181 And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,  
 182 When the false *Troian* vnder faile was seene,  
 183 By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,  
 184 (In number more then euer women spoke)  
 185 In that same place thou hast appointed mee,  
 186 To morrow truly will I meete with thee.  
 189 187 *Lys.* Keepe promise loue : looke, here comes *Helena*.

188 *Enter Helena.*

- 189 *Her.* God speede faire *Helena* : whither away ?  
 190 *Hel.* Call you mee faire ? That faire againe vnfaie.  
 191 *Demetrius* loues your faire : ô happy faire !  
 192 Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete aire  
 193 More tunable then lark, to sheepeheards eare,

Then let vs teach our triall patience, 181  
 Be caufe it is a custumarie croffe, 182  
 As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes, 183  
 Wisheſ and teares ; poore Fancies followers. 184

*Lys.* A good perwaſion ; therefore heare me *Hermia*, 185  
 I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager, 186  
 Of great reuennew, and ſhe hath no childe, 187  
 From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuē leagues, 188  
 And ſhe reſpectſ me, as her onely ſonne : 189  
 There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee, 170  
 And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law 171  
 Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then 172  
 Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night : 173  
 And in the wood, a league without the towne, 174  
 ( Where I did meeete thee once with *Helena*, 175  
 To do obſeruanee for a morne of May ) 176  
 There will I ſtay for thee. 177

*Her.* My good *Lysander*, 178  
 I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow, 179  
 By his beſt arrow with the golden head, 180  
 By the ſimplicities of Venus Doues, 181  
 By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſperſ loue, 182  
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene, 183  
 When the falſe Troyan vnder faile was ſeene, 184  
 By all the vowes that euer men haue broke, 185  
 ( In number more then euer women ſpoke ) 186  
 In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me, 187  
 To morrow truly will I meeete with thee. 188

*Lys.* Keepe promiſe loue : looke here comes *Helena*. 189

*Enter Helena.* 190

*Her.* God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away ? 191

*Hel.* Cal you me faire ? that faire againe vnſay, 192

*Demetrius* loues you faire : O happie faire ! 193

Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre 194

More tuneable then Larke to ſhepherds eare, 195

- 194 When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.  
 195 Sickneffe is catching: O, were fauour fo,  
 196 Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,  
 197 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,  
 198 My tongue should catch your tongues fweete melody.  
 199 Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,  
 200 The reft ile giue to be to you tranflated.  
 201 O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,  
 202 Yôu fway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.  
 203 *Her.* I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee ftill.  
 204 *Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my fmiles fuch skil.  
  
 205 *Her.* I giue him curfes; yet he giues mee loue.  
 206 *Hel.* O that my prayers could fuch affection mooue.  
 207 *Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes mee.  
 208 *Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.  
 209 *Her.* His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.  
 210 *Hel.* None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.  
 211 *Her.* Take comfort: he no more fhall fee my face:  
 212 *Lysander* and my felfe will fly this place.  
 213 Before the time I did *Lifander* fee,  
 217 214 Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradife to mee.  
 215 O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,  
 216 That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!  
 217 *Lyf. Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfold:  
 218 To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth beholde  
 219 Her filuer vifage, in the watty glaffe,  
 220 Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe  
 221 (A time, that louers flights doth ftill conceale)  
 222 Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuif'd to steale.  
 223 *Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,  
 224 Vpon faint Primrofe beddes, were wont to lye,  
 225 Emptying our bofomes, of their counsell fweld,  
 226 There my *Lysander*, and my felfe fhall meete,  
 227 And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,  
 228 To feeke new friends and ftrange companions.

When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare, 196  
 Sickneffe is catching : O were fauor fo, 197  
 Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go, 198  
 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, y our eye, 199  
 My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie, 200  
 Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated, 201  
 The rest Ile giue to be to you translated. 202  
 O teach me how you looke, and with what art 203  
 you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart. 204  
*Her.* I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still. 205  
*Hel.* O that your frownes would teach my smiles 206  
 such skil. 207  
*Her.* I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue. 208  
*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection mooue. 209  
*Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes me. 210  
*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth me. 211  
*Her.* His folly *Helena* is none of mine. 212  
*Hel.* None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine 213  
*Her.* Take comfort : he no more shall see my face, 214  
*Lysander* and my selfe will flie this place. 215  
 Before the time I did *Lysander* see, 216  
 Seem'd *Athens* like a *Paradise* to mee. 217  
 O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell, 218  
 That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell. 219  
*Lys.* *Helen*, to you our mindes we will vnfold, 220  
 To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold 221  
 Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse, 222  
 Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse 223  
 ( A time that Louers flights doth still conceale ) 224  
 Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to steale. 225  
*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I, 226  
 Vpon faint *Primrose* beds, were wont to lye, 227  
 Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld : 228  
 There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete, 229  
 And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes 230  
 To seeke new friends and strange companions, 231

229 Farewell, sweete playfellow : pray thou for vs :  
 230 And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.  
 231 Keepe word *Lyfander* : we muft starue our fight,  
 232 From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

233 *Exit Hermia.*

234 *Lys.* I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu :  
 235 As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you, *Exit Lyfander.*

236 *Hele.* How happie fome, ore otherfome, can be,  
 240 237 Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as fhee.  
 238 But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not fo :  
 239 He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.  
 240 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes :  
 241 So I, admiring of his qualities.  
 242 Things bafe and vile, holding no quantitie,  
 243 Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.  
 244 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde :  
 245 And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.  
 246 Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte :  
 247 Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.  
 248 And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe :  
 249 Becauſe, in choyce, he is fo oft beguil'd.  
 250 As waggifh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare :  
 251 So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.  
 255 252 For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,  
 253 Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.  
 254 And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,  
 255 So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.  
 256 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight :  
 257 Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,  
 258 Purſue her : and for this intelligence,  
 259 If I haue thanks, it is a deare expenſe :  
 260 But herein meane I to enrich my paine,  
 261 To haue his fight thither, and back againe. *Exit.*

262 *Enter Quince, the Carpenter; and Snugge, the Ioyner; and*  
 263 *Bottom, the Weauer; and Flute, the Bellows mender; &*  
 264 *Snout, the Tinker; and Starueling the Tayler.*

Farwell fweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs, 232  
 And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*. 233  
 Keepe word *Lysander* we must starue our fight, 234  
 From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. 235

*Exit Hermia.* 236

*Lys.* I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu, 237  
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.* 238

*Hele.* How happy fome, ore otherfome can be ? 239  
 Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she. 240  
 But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not fo : 241  
 He will not know, what all, but he doth know, 242  
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes ; 243  
 So I, admiring of his qualities : 244  
 Things bafe and vilde, holding no quantity, 245  
 Loue can tranfpofe to forme and dignity, 246  
 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde, 247  
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde. 248  
 Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement tafte : 249  
 Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy hafte. 250  
 And therefore is Loue faid to be a childe, 251  
 Becaufe in choife he is often beguil'd, 252  
 As waggifh boyes in game themfelues forfwere ; 253  
 So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where. 254  
 For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne, 255  
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine. 256  
 And when this Haile fome heat from *Hermia* felt, 257  
 So he diffolu'd, and fhowres of oathes did melt, 258  
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight : 259  
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night 260  
 Purfue her ; and for his intelligence, 261  
 If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence : 262  
 But heerein meane I to enrich my paine, 263  
 To haue his fight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.* 264

*Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the* 265  
*Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and* 266  
*Starueling the Taylor.* 267

265 *Quin.* Is all our company heere?

266 *Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by  
267 man, according to the scrippe.

268 *Quin.* Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is  
269 thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, be-  
270 fore the Duke, & the Dutches; on his wedding day at night.

271 *Bott.* First good *Peeter Quince*, say what the Play treats on:  
272 then read the names of the Actors: & so grow to a point.

273 *Quin.* Mary, our Play is the most lamentable comedy,  
274 and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

280 275 *Bot.* A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a mer-  
276 ry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the  
277 scrowle. Masters, spreade your selues.

278 *Quin.* Answere, as I call you *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

279 *Bott.* Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

280 *Quin.* You, *Nick Bottom* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

281 *Bott.* What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

282 *Quin.* A louer that kills himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

283 *Bott.* That will aske some teares in the true performing  
284 of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil  
285 moue stormes: I will condole, in some measure. To the  
286 rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Er-*  
287 *cles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the  
288 raging rocks: and shiuering flocks, shall breake the locks  
289 of prison gates. and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre,  
290 and make & marre the foolish Fates. This was loftie. Now,  
291 name the rest of the Players. This is *Eracles* vaine, a tyrants  
292 vaine: A louer is more condoling.

303 293 *Quin* *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender.



- Quin.* Is all our company heere ? 268
- Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip. 269  
270
- Qui.* Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night. 271  
272  
273  
274
- Bot.* First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on : then read the names of the Aētors : and so grow on to a point. 275  
276  
277
- Quin.* Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*. 278  
279
- Bot.* A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Aētors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues. 280  
281  
282
- Quince.* Answere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer. 283  
284
- Bottome.* Ready ; name what part I am for, and proceed. 285  
286
- Quince.* You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*. 287  
288
- Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant ? 289
- Quin.* A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for loue. 290  
291
- Bot.* That will aske some teares in the true performing of it : if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies : I will moue stormes ; I will condole in some meafure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Erclés* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks ; and shiuering shocks shall break the locks of prifon gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Erclés* vaine, a tyrants vaine : a louer is more condoling. 292  
293  
294  
295  
296  
297  
298  
299  
300  
301  
302
- Quin.* *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender. 303

294 *Flu.* Here *Peeter Quince.*

295 *Quin.* Flute, you muft take *Thisby*, on you.

296 *Fla.* What is *Thisby*? A wandring knight?

297 *Quin.* It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muft loue. (ming.

298 *Fl.* Nay faith: let not me play a womā: I haue a beard cō-

299 *Quin.* Thats all one: you fhall play it in a Maske: and you  
300 may fpeake as fmall as you will.

301 *Bott.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to: Ile

302 fpeake in a monftrous little voice; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah *Py-*

303 *ramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, & Lady deare.

304 *Qu.* No, no you muft play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

305 *Bot.* Well, procede. *Qui.* *Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

306 *Star.* Here *Peeter Quince.*

321 307 *Quin.* *Robin Starueling*, you muft play *Thisbyes* mother.

308 *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

309 *Snowt.* Here *Peter Quince.*

310 *Quin.* You, *Pyramus* father; my felfe, *Thisbies* father;

311 *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here

312 is a Play fitted.

313 *Snug.* Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it

314 bee, giue it mee: for I am flowe of studie.

315 *Quin.* You may doe it, *extempore*: for it is nothing but

316 roaring.

317 *Bott.* Let mee play the Lyon to. I will roare, that I will

318 doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that

319 I will make the Duke fay; Let him roare againe: let him

320 roare againe.

321 *Quin.* And you fhould do it too terribly, you would fright

337 322 the Dutcheffe, and the Ladies, that they would shrike: and

323 that were inough to hang vs all.

324 *All.* That would hang vs, euery mothers fonne.

- Flu.* Heere *Peter Quince*. 304
- Quin.* You muft take *Thisbie* on you. 305
- Flut.* What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight? 306
- Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muft loue. 307
- Flut.* Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a  
beard comming. 309
- Qui.* That's all one, you fhall play it in a Maske, and  
you may fpeake as fmall as you will. 311
- Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too : 312  
Ile fpeake in a monftrous little voyce ; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah 313  
*Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady 314  
deare. 315
- Quin.* No no, you muft play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you 316  
*Thisby*. 317
- Bot.* Well, proceed. 318
- Qu.* *Robin Starueling* the Taylor. 319
- Star.* Heere *Peter Quince*. 320
- Quince.* *Robin Starueling*, you muft play *Thisbies*  
mother? 322
- Tom Snowt*, the Tinker. 323
- Snowt.* Heere *Peter Quince*. 324
- Quin.* You, *Pyramus* father ; my felf, *Thisbies* father ; 325  
*Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part : and I hope there 326  
is a play fitted. 327
- Snug.* Haue you the Lions part written ? pray you if 328  
be, giue it me, for I am flow of studie. 329
- Quin.* You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing 330  
but roaring. 331
- Bot.* Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I 332  
will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, 333  
that I will make the Duke fay, Let him roare againe, let 334  
him roare againe. 335
- Quin.* If you fhould doe it too terribly, you would 336  
fright the Dutcheffe and the Ladies, that they would 337  
fhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all. 338
- All.* That would hang vs euery mothers fonne. 339

325 *Bot.* I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies  
 326 out of their wits, they would haue no more difcretion, but  
 327 to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice fo, that I will  
 328 roare you as gently, as any fucking doue: I will roare you,  
 329 and 'twere any Nightingale.

330 *Quin.* You can play no part but *Piramus*: for *Piramus* is a  
 331 sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a fom-  
 332 mers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore  
 333 you must needes play *Piramus*.

334 *Bot.* Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I best  
 351 to play it in?

335 *Quin.* Why? what you will.

337 *Bot.* I wil discharge it, in either your straw colour beard,  
 338 your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard,  
 339 or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

340 *Quin.* Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all;  
 341 and then you will play bare fac't. But maisters here are  
 342 your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire  
 343 you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in  
 344 the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-  
 345 light; there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete in the city,  
 346 wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuifes known.  
 347 In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as  
 348 our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

349 *Bot* Wee will meete, & there we may rehearse most ob-  
 350 scenely, and coragiously. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

351 *Quin.* At the Dukes oke wee meete.

352 *Bot.* Enough: holde, or cut bowstrings.

*Exeunt.*

*Bottom.* I graunt you friends, if that you should  
 fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would  
 haue no more difcretion but to hang vs : but I will ag-  
 grauate my voyce fo, that I will roare you as gently as  
 any fucking Doue ; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-  
 gale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-*  
*mus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in  
 a summers day ; a most louely Gentleman-like man, ther-  
 fore you must needs play *Piramus*.

*Bot.* Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I  
 best to play it in ?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour  
 beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine  
 beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your per-  
 fect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French Crownes haue no haire  
 at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here  
 are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and  
 desire you, to con them by too morrow night : and meet  
 me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by  
 Moone-light, there we will rehearse : for if we meete in  
 the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuif-  
 es knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of pro-  
 perties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

*Bottom.* We will meete, and there we may rehearse  
 more obfcenely and couragiously. Take paines, be per-  
 fect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Dukes oake we meete.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut bow-frings. *Exeunt*

- 371 353 ¶ *Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow*  
 354 *at another.*
- 355 *Robin.* How now spirit, whither wander you ?
- 356 *Fa.* Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
- 357 Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire :
- 358 I do wander euery where ; swifter than the Moons sphere :
- 359 And I ferue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the
- 360 The cowflippes tall her Pensioners bee, (greene.
- 361 In their gold coats, spottes you see :
- 362 Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours :
- 363 In those freckles, liue their fauours.
- 364 I must goe seeke some dew droppes here,
- 365 And hang a pearle in euery coulippes eare.
- 366 Farewell thou Lobbe of spirits : Ile be gon.
- 367 Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.
- 368 *Rob,* The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
- 369 Take heede the Queene come not within his sight.
- 370 For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath :
- 371 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
- 372 A louely boy stollen, from an Indian king :
- 373 She neuer had so fweete a changeling.
- 374 And iacalous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
- 375 Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
- 376 But shee, perforce, withholdes the loued boy,
- 395 377 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all herioy.
- 378 And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
- 379 By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,
- 380 But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
- 381 Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
- 382 *Fa.* Either I mistake your shape, and making, quite,
- 383 Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite,

*Actus Secundus.*


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<i>Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-</i>	371
<i>fellow at another.</i>	372
<i>Rob.</i> How now spirit, whether wander you ?	373
<i>Fai.</i> Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,	374
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,	375
I do wander euerie where, fwifter then y <sup>e</sup> Moons sphere ;	376
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the	377
The Cowflips tall, her pensioners bee, (green.	378
In their gold coats, spots you see,	379
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,	380
In those freckles, liue their fauors,	381
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,	382
And hang a pearle in euery cowflips eare.	383
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,	384
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.	385
<i>Rob.</i> The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,	386
Take heed the Queene come not within his fight,	387
For <i>Oberon</i> is pasing fell and wrath,	388
Because that she, as her attendant, hath	389
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,	390
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,	391
And ialous <i>Oberon</i> would haue the childe	392
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.	393
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,	394
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.	395
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,	396
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,	397
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare	398
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.	399
<i>Fai.</i> Either I mistake your shape and making quite,	400
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit	401

- 384 Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,  
 385 That frights the maidens of the Villageree,  
 386 Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne,  
 387 And bootleffe make the breathleffe hufwife cherne,  
 388 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,  
 389 Mifflead nightwanderers. laughing at their harme ?  
 390 Thofe, that Hobgoblin call you, and fweete Puck,  
 391 You doe their worke, and they fhall haue good luck.  
 392 Are not you hee ?  
 411 393 *Rob.* Thou fpeakeft aright ; I am that merry wanderer of  
  
 394 I leaft to *Oberon*, and make him fmile, (the night,  
 395 When I a fat and beane-fed horfe beguile ;  
 396 Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly fole,  
 397 And sometime lurke I in a goffippes bole,  
 398 In very likenesse of a rofted crabbe.  
 399 And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,  
 400 And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.  
 401 The wifeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,  
 402 Sometime, for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh mee :  
 403 Then flippe I from her bumme, downe topples ſhe,  
 404 And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe ;  
 405 And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,  
 406 And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and ſweare  
 407 A merrier hower was neuer waſted there.  
 408 But roome Faery : here comes *Oberon*.  
 409 *Fa.* And here, my miſtreſſe. Would that he were gon.  
  
 410 *Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine ;*  
 411 *and the Queene, at another, with hers.*  
  
 432 412 *Ob.* Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.  
  
 413 *Qu.* What, Iealous *Oberon* ? Fairy ſkippe hence.  
 414 I haue forfworne his bedde, and company.



Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, 402  
 That frights the maidens of the Villagree, 403  
 Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne, 404  
 And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne, 405  
 And fometime make the drinke to beare no barme, 406  
 Mifleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, 407  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and fweet Pucke, 408  
 You do their worke, and they fhall haue good lucke. 409  
 Are not you he ? 410

*Rob.* Thou fpeak'ft aright ; 411  
 I am that merrie wanderer of the night : 412  
 I left to *Oberon*, and make him fmile, 413  
 When I a fat and beane-fed horfe beguile, 414  
 Neighing in likeneffe of a filly foale, 415  
 And fometime lurke I in a Goffips bole, 416  
 In very likeneffe of a roasted crab : 417  
 And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I hob, 418  
 And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. 419  
 The wifeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale, 420  
 Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me, 421  
 Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe, 422  
 And tailour cries, and falſ into a coffe. 423  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, 424  
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare, 425  
 A merrier houre vvas neuer waſted there. 426  
 But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*. 427

*Fair.* And heere my Miſtris : 428  
 Would that he vvere gone. 429

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,* 430  
*and the Queene at another with hers.* 431

*Ob.* Ill met by Moone-light, 432  
 Proud *Tytania*. 433

*Qu.* What, iealous *Oberon* ? Fairy ſkip hence. 434  
 I haue forſworne his bed and companie. 435

- 415 *Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy Lord ?  
 416 *Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady : but I know  
 417 When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land,  
 418 And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,  
 419 Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,  
 420 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here  
 421 Come from the farthest stepe of *India* ?  
 422 But that, forsooth, the bounding *Amazon*,  
 423 Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,  
 424 To *Theseus* must be wedded ; and you come,  
 425 To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie.  
 426 *Ob.* How canst thou thus, for shame, *Tytania*.  
 427 Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita* ?  
 428 Knowing, I know thy loue to *Theseus*,  
 429 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night,  
 430 From *Perigenia*, whom he rauished ?  
 431 And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith  
 432 With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa* ?  
 454 433 *Quee.* These are the forgeries of ieaousie :  
 434 And neuer, since the middle Sommers spring,  
 435 Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,  
 436 By pauer fountaine, or by russhie brooke,  
 437 Or in the beached margent of the Sea,  
 438 To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,  
 439 But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.  
 440 Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,  
 441 As in reuenge, haue suckt vp, from the Sea,  
 442 Contagious fogges : which, falling in the land,  
 443 Hath euery pelting riuer made so proude,  
 444 That they haue ouerborne their Continents.  
 445 The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake invaine,  
 446 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne  
 468 447 Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde :  
 448 The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,  
 449 And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,  
 450 The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde :

*Ob.* Tarrie rash Wanton ; am not I thy Lord ? 436  
*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady : but I know 437  
 When thou vvasst stolne away from Fairy Land, 438  
 And in the shape of *Corin*, fate all day, 439  
 Playing on pipes of Corne, and verfing loue 440  
 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere 441  
 Come from the farthest steepe of *India* ? 442  
 But that forfooth the bouncing *Amazon* 443  
 Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue, 444  
 To *Theseus* must be Wedded ; and you come, 445  
 To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie. 446  
*Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*, 447  
 Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita* ? 448  
 Knowing I knowv thy loue to *Theseus* ? 449  
 Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night 450  
 From *Peregenia*, whom he rauished ? 451  
 And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith 452  
 With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa* ? 453  
*Que.* These are the forgeries of ieaalousie, 454  
 And neuer since the middle Summers spring 455  
 Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, 456  
 By pauerd fountaine, or by rushie brooke, 457  
 Or in the beached margent of the sea, 458  
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, 459  
 But vvith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport. 460  
 Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, 461  
 As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea 462  
 Contagious fogges : Which falling in the Land, 463  
 Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, 464  
 That they haue ouer-borne their Continents. 465  
 The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine, 466  
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne 467  
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard : 468  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 469  
 And Crowes are fatted vvith the murrion flocke, 470  
 The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud, 471

- 451 And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,  
 452 For lacke of tread, are vndistinguisable.  
 453 The humane mortals want their winter heere  
 454 No night is now with hymne or carroll blest.  
 455 Therefore the Moone (the gouerneffe of floods)  
 456 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire ;  
 457 That Rheumaticke diseafes doe abound.  
 458 And, thorough this diftemperature, wee fee  
 459 The feafons alter : hoary headed frofts  
 460 Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymfon rofe,  
 461 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,  
 462 An odorous Chaplet of fweete Sommer buddes  
 484 463 Is, as in mockery, fet The Spring, the Sommer,  
 464 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change  
 465 Their wonted Liuries : and the mazed worlde,  
 466 By their increafe, now knowes not which is which :  
 467 And this fame progeny of euils,  
 468 Comes from our debate, from our diffention :  
 469 We are their Parents and originall.  
 470 *Oberon*. Doe you amend it then : it lves in you.  
 471 Why should *Titania* croffe her *Oberon* ?  
 472 I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,  
 473 To be my Henchman.  
 474 *Queene*. Set your heart at rest.  
 475 The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee,  
 476 His mother was a Votrefse of my order :  
 477 And in the spiced *Indian* ayer, by night,  
 478 Full often hath she goffipt. by my side, .  
 479 And fat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands  
 480 Marking th'embarked tradcers on the flood:  
 481 When we haue laught to see the failes conceaued,  
 503 482 And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde:  
 483 Which she, with prettie, and with swimming gate,  
 484 Following ( er wombe then rich with my young squire)  
 485 Would imitate, and faile vpon the land,  
 486 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,

And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene, 472  
 For lacke of tread are vndistinguifhable. 473  
 The humane mortals want their winter heere, 474  
 No night is now with hymne or caroll blest ; 475  
 Therefore the Moone ( the gouernesse of floods ) 476  
 Pale in her anger, wafhes all the aire ; 477  
 That Rheumaticke difeases doe abound. 478  
 And through this diftemperature, we see 479  
 The feafons alter ; hoared headed frofts 480  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimfon Rofe, 481  
 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne, 482  
 An odorous Chaplet of fweet Sommer buds 483  
 Is as in mockry fet. The Spring, the Sommer, 484  
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change 485  
 Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, 486  
 By their increafe, now knowes not which is which ; 487  
 And this fame progeny of euills, 488  
 Comes from our debate, from our diffention, 489  
 We are their parents and originall. 490  
*Ober.* Do you amend it then, it lies in you, 491  
 Why fhould *Titania* croffe her *Oberon* ? 492  
 I do but beg a little changeling boy, 493  
 To be my Henchman. 494  
*Qu.* Set your heart at reft, 495  
 The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me, 496  
 His mother was a Votrefse of my Order, 497  
 And in the fpiced *Indian* aire, by night 498  
 Full often hath, she goffipt by my fide, 499  
 And fat with me on *Neptunes* yellow fands, 500  
 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood, 501  
 When we haue laught to fee the failes conceiue, 502  
 And grow big bellied with the wanton winde : 503  
 Which she with pretty and with fwimming gate, 504  
 Following ( her wombe then rich with my yong fquire ) 505  
 Would imitate, and faile vpon the Land, 506  
 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, 507

- 487 As from a voyage, rich with marchandise,  
 488 But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,  
 489 And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy :  
 490 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.  
 491 *Ob.* How long, within this wood, entend you stay ?  
 492 *Quee.* Perchaunce, till after *Theseus* wedding day.  
 493 If you will patiently daunce in our Round,  
 494 And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:  
 495 If not, fhunne me, and I will spare your haunts.  
 496 *Ob.* Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.  
 497 *Quee.* Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.  
 498 We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*  
 520 499 *Ob.* Well : goe thy way. Thou shalt not from this groue,  
 500 Till I torment thee, for this iniury.  
 501 My gentle *Pucke* come hither : thou remembrest,  
 502 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,  
 503 And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,  
 504 Uttering such dulcet and hermonious breath,  
 505 That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song,  
 506 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,  
 507 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.  
 508 *Puck.* I remember.  
 509 *Ob.* That very time, I saw (but thou could'ft not)  
 510 Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,  
 511 *Cupid*, all arm'd : a certaine aime he tooke  
 512 At a faire Vestall, throned by west,  
 513 And loof'd his loue-shaft smartly, from his bowe,  
 514 As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts :  
 515 But, I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft  
 516 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone :  
 538 517 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,  
 518 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 519 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 520 It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;  
 521 Before, milke white ; now purple, with lous wound,  
 522 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneffe.

As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.	508
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,	509
And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,	510
And for her sake I will not part with him.	511
<i>Ob.</i> How long within this wood intend you stay ?	512
<i>Qu.</i> Perchance till after <i>Thefeus</i> wedding day.	513
If you will patiently dance in our Round,	514
And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs ;	515
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.	516
<i>Ob.</i> Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.	517
<i>Qu.</i> Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away :	518
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. <i>Exeunt.</i>	519
<i>Ob.</i> Wel, go thy way : thou shalt not from this groue,	520
Till I torment thee for this iniury.	521
My gentle <i>Pucke</i> come hither ; thou remembrest	522
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,	523
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,	524
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,	525
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,	526
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,	527
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.	528
<i>Puc.</i> I remember.	529
<i>Ob.</i> That very time I say (but thou couldst not)	530
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,	531
<i>Cupid</i> all arm'd ; a certaine aime he tooke	532
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,	533
And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,	534
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,	535
But I might see young <i>Cupids</i> fiery shaft	536
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;	537
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,	538
In maiden meditation, fancy free.	539
Yet markt I where the bolt of <i>Cupid</i> fell.	540
It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;	541
Before, milke-white ; now purple with lous wound,	542
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenessse.	543

523 Fetch mee that flowre : the herbe I shewed thee once  
 524 The iewce of it, on sleepe ing eyeliddes laide,  
 525 Will make or man or woman madly dote,  
 526 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees.  
 527 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe  
 528 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league.  
 529 *Pu.* Ile put a girdle, roūd about the earth, in forty minutes.

530 *Oberon.* Hauing once this iuice,  
 531 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a sleepe,  
 532 And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes :  
 533 The next thing then she, waking, lookes vpon  
 534 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,  
 535 On medling Monky, or on busie Ape)  
 536 She shall purfue it, with the foule of Loue.  
 537 And ere I take this charme, from of her fight  
 538 (As I can take it with another herbe)  
 539 Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.  
 540 But, who comes here ? I am inuifible,  
 541 And I will ouerheare their conference.

542 *Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

543 *Deme.* I loue thee not : therefore purfue me not,  
 544 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia* ?  
 545 The one Ile stay : the other stayeth me.  
 546 Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood :  
 547 And heream I, and wodde, within this wood :  
 548 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.  
 549 Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.  
 572 550 *Hel.* You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant :  
 551 But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart  
 552 Is true as Steele. Leauē you your power to draw,  
 553 And I shall haue no power to follow you.  
 554 *Deme.* Doe I entise you ? Doe I speake you faire ?  
 555 Or rather doe I not in plainest truthe,  
 556 Tell you I doe not, not I cannot loue you ?



Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I shew'd thee once, 544  
 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, 545  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote 546  
 Vpon the next liue creature that it sees. 547  
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe, 548  
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league. 549

*Pucke.* Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi- 550  
 nutes. 551

*Ober.* Hauing once this iuyce, 552  
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe, 553  
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes : 554  
 The next thing when she waking lookes vpon, 555  
 ( Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, 556  
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape) 557  
 Shee shall pursue it, with the foule of loue. 558  
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight, 559  
 (As I can take it with another hearbe ) 560  
 Ile make her render vp her Page to me. 561  
 But who comes heere ? I am inuisible, 562  
 And I will ouer-heare their conference. 563

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.* 564

*Deme.* I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not, 565  
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia* ? 566  
 The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me. 567  
 Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood ; 568  
 And heere am I, and wood within this wood, 569  
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*. 570  
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more. 571

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant, 572  
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 573  
 Is true as Steele. Leauē you your power to draw, 574  
 And I shall haue no power to follow you. 575

*Deme.* Do I entice you ? do I speake you faire ? 576  
 Or rather doe I not in plainest truth, 577  
 Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you ? 578

- 557 *Hele.* And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more :  
 558 I am your Spaniell : and, *Demetrius*,  
 559 The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.  
 560 Vfe me but as your Spaniell : fpurne me, ftrike mee,  
 561 Neglect mee, loofe me : onely giue me leaue  
 562 (Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.  
 563 What worfer place can I begge, in your loue  
 564 (And yet, a place of high respect with mee)  
 565 Then to be vfed as you vfe your dogge.  
 566 *Deme.* Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my fpirit.  
 567 For I am fick, when I do looke on thee.  
 568 *Hele.* And I am fick, when I looke not on you.  
 591 569 *Deme.* You doe impeach your modeftie too much,  
 570 To leaue the citie, and commit your felfe,  
 571 Into the hands of one that loues you not,  
 572 To trust the opportunitie of night,  
 573 And the ill counsell of a desert place,  
 574 With the rich worth of your virginie.  
 575 *Hel.* Your vertue is my priuiledge : For that  
 576 It is not night, when I doe fee your face.  
 577 Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,  
 578 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.  
 579 For you, in my respect, are all the world.  
 580 Then, how can it be faide, I am alone,  
 581 When all the world is here, to looke on mee ?  
 582 *Deme.* Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
 583 And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaftes.  
 584 *Hel.* The wildest hath not fuch a heart as you.  
 585 Runne when you will : The ftory fhall be chaung'd :  
 586 *Apollo* flies and *Daphne* holds the chafe :  
 609 587 The Doue purfues the Griffon : the milde Hinde  
 588 Makes fpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleffe fpeede,  
 589 When cowardife purfues, and valour flies.  
 590 *Demet.* I will not stay thy questions. Let me goe :  
 591 Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeeue,  
 592 But I fhall doe thee mifchiefe, in the wood.

- Hel.* And euen for that doe I loue thee the more ; 579  
 I am your fpaniell, and *Demetrius*, 580  
 The more you beat me, I will fawne on you. 581  
 Vfe me but as your fpaniell ; fburne me, ftrike me, 582  
 Neglect me, lofe me ; onely giue me leaue 583  
 (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you. 584  
 What worfer place can I beg in your loue, 585  
 (And yet a place of high refpect with me) 586  
 Then to be vfed as you doe your dogge. 587
- Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my fpirit, 588  
 For I am ficke when I do looke on thee. 589
- Hel.* And I am ficke when I looke not on you. 590
- Dem.* You doe impeach your modefty too much, 591  
 To leaue the Citty, and commit your felfe 592  
 Into the hands of one that loues you not, 593  
 To trust the opportunity of night, 594  
 And the ill counsell of a defert place, 595  
 With the rich worth of your virginity. 596
- Hel.* Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that 597  
 It is not night when I doe fee your face. 598  
 Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, 599  
 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company, 600  
 For you in my refpect are nll the world. 601  
 Then how can it be faid I am alone, 602  
 When all the world is heere to looke on me ? 603
- Dem.* Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, 604  
 And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beafts. 605
- Hel.* The wildeft hath not fuch a heart as you ; 606  
 Runne when you will, the ftory fhall be chang'd : 607  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphne* holds the chafe ; 608  
 The Doue purfues the Griffin, the milde Hinde 609  
 Makes fpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleffe fpeede, 610  
 When cowardife purfues, and valour flies. 611
- Demet.* I will not ftay thy questions, let me go ; 612  
 Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeuē, 613  
 But I fhall doe thee mifchiefe in the wood. 614

593 *Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the towne, the ficlde,  
 594 You doe me mischiefe. *Fy Demetrius.*  
 595 Your wrongs doe fet a scandall on my sex :  
 596 We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe :  
 597 We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.  
 598 Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,  
 599 To dy vpon the hand I loue so well.  
 600 *Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this groue,  
 601 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue.  
 602 Haft thou the flower there ? Welcome wanderer.

603 *Enter Pucke.*

604 *Puck.* I, there it is.  
 605 *Ob.* I pray thee giue it mee.  
 606 I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,  
 607 Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,  
 608 Quite ouercanopi'd with lufhious woodbine,  
 609 With sweete muske rofes, and with Eglantine :  
 610 There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,  
 611 Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight :  
 612 And there the snake throwes her enammeld skinne,  
 635 613 Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.  
 614 And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,  
 615 And make her full of hatefull phantasies.  
 616 Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue :  
 617 A sweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,  
 618 With a disdainefull youth : annoint his eyes.  
 619 But doe it, when the next thing he espies,  
 620 May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man,  
 621 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.  
 622 Effect it with some care ; that he may prooue  
 623 More fond on her, then she vpon her loue :  
 624 And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe.  
 625 *Pu.* Feare not my Lord : your seruant shall do so. *Exeunt,*

*Hel.* I, in the Temple in the Towne, and Field 615  
 You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*, 616  
 Your wrongs doe fet a scandall on my sexe : 617  
 We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe ; 618  
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe. 619  
 I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell, 620  
 To die vpon the hand I loue so well. *Exit.* 621  
*Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue, 622  
 Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue. 623  
 Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer. 624

*Enter Pucke.* 625

*Puck.* I, there it is. 626  
*Ob.* I pray thee giue it me. 627  
 I know a banke where the wilde time blowes, 628  
 Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes, 629  
 Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine, 630  
 With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine ; 631  
 There sleepe *Tytania*, sometime of the night, 632  
 Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight : 633  
 And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne, 634  
 Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. 635  
 And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,  
 And make her full of hatefull fantasies. 636  
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue ; 638  
 A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue 639  
 With a disdainefull youth : annoint his eyes,  
 But doe it when the next thing he espies, 641  
 May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man, 642  
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 643  
 Effect it with some care, that he may proue 644  
 More fond on her, then she vpon her loue ; 645  
 And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. 646  
*Pu.* Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exit.* 647

626 *Enter Tytania Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*  
 627 *Quee.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song :  
 628 Then, for the third part of a minute hence,  
 629 Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds,  
 630 Some warre with Reremife, for their lethten wings,  
 631 To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe  
 632 The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders  
 633 At our queint fpirits : Sing me now a fleepe :  
 634 Then to your offices, and let mee rest.

657 635

*Fairies sing.*

636 You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,  
 637 Thorny Hedgehoggesbe not feene,  
 638 Newts and blindewormes do no wrong,  
 639 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
 640 *Philomele*, with melody,  
 641 Sing in our sweete Lullaby,  
 642 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
 643 Neuer harme, nor spell ; nor charme,  
 644 Come our louely lady nigh.  
 645 So good night, with lullaby.  
 646 1. *Fai.* Weauing Spiders come not heere :  
 647 Hence you long legd Spinners, hence :  
 648 Beetles blacke approach not neere :  
 649 Worme nor fnaile doe no offence.  
 650 *Philomele* with melody, &c.  
 651 2. *Fai.* Hence away : now all is well :  
 652 One aloofe, stand Centinell.

653 *Enter Oberon.*

654 *Ob.* What thou feest, when thou doest wake,  
 655 Doe it for thy true loue take :  
 656 Loue and languish for his sake.  
 679 657 Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,  
 658 Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,

*Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.* 648  
*Queen.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song ; 649  
 Then for the third part of a minute hence, 650  
 Some to kill Cankers in the mu ke rofe buds, 651  
 Some warre with Reremife, for their leathern wings, 652  
 To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe 653  
 The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders 654  
 At our queint fpirits : Sing me now asleepe, 655  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest. 656

*Fairies Sing.* 657

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,* 658  
*Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,* 659  
*Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,* 660  
*Come not neere our Fairy Queene.* 661  
*Philomele with melodie,* 662  
*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,* 663  
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby ,* 664  
*Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,* 665  
*Come our louely Lady nye,* 666  
*So good night with Lullaby.* 667  
 2. *Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,* 668  
*Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:* 669  
*Beetles blacke approach not neere ;* 670  
*Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.* 671  
*Philomele with melody, &c.* 672  
 1. *Fairy. Hence away, now all is well ;* 673  
*One aloofe, stand Centinell. Shee sleepe.* 674

*Enter Oberon.* 675

*Ober.* What thou feest when thou doft wake, 676  
 Doe it for thy true Loue take : 677  
 Loue and languish for his fake. 678  
 Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare, 679  
 Pard, or Boare with briftled haire, 680

659 In thy eye that shall appeare,  
 660 When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare :  
 661 Wake, when fome vile thing is neere.

662 *Enter Lyfander : and Hermia.*

663 *Lyf.* Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood :  
 664 And to fpeake troth I haue forgot our way.  
 665 Weele reft vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,  
 666 And tarry for the comfor of the day.

667 *Her.* Bet it fo *Lyfander* : finde you out a bedde :  
 668 For I, vpon this banke, will reft my head.

669 *Lyf.* One turfe shall ferue, as pillow, for vs both,  
 670 One heart, one bedde, two bofomes, and one troth.

671 *Her.* Nay god *Lyfander* : for my fake, my deere  
 672 Ly further off, yet ; doe not lye fo neere.

695 673 *Lyf.* O take the feníc, fweete, of my innocence.

674 Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference.

675 I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit ;

676 So that but one heart wee can make of it :

677 Two bofomes interchained with an oath :

678 So then two bofomes, and a fingle troth.

679 Then, by your fide, no bed-roume me deny :

680 For lying fo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

681 *Her.* *Lyfander* riddles very prettily.

682 Now much.beshrewe my manners, and my pride,

683 If *Hermia* meant to fay, *Lyfander* lyed.

684 But gentle friend, for loue and curtefie,

685 Ly further off, in humane modesty :

686 Such feperation, as may well be faid

687 Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,

688 So farre be diftant, and good night fweete friend :

689 Thy loue nere alter till thy fweete life end.

712 690 *Lyf.* Amen, amen, to that faireprayer, fay I,

691 And then end life, when I end loyalty.

692 Heere is my bed:fleepe giue thee all his reft.

693 *Her.* With halfe that wifh, the wifhers eyes be preft.



In thy eye that shall appeare, 681  
 When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare, 682  
 Wake when some vile thing is neere. 683

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.* 684

*Lys.* Faire loue, you faint with wandring in  $\bar{y}$  woods, 685  
 And to speake troth I haue forgot our way : 686  
 Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good, 687  
 And tarry for the comfort of the day. 688

*Her.* Be it so *Lysander* ; finde you out a bed, 689  
 For I vpon this banke will rest my head. 690

*Lys.* One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both, 691  
 One heart, one bed, two bofomes, and one troth. 692

*Her.* Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere 693  
 Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere. 694

*Lys.* O take the fence sweet, of my innocence, 695  
 Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference, 696  
 I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit, 697  
 So that but one heart can you make of it. 698  
 Two bofomes interchanged with an oath, 699  
 So then two bofomes, and a fingle troth. 700  
 Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny, 701  
 For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye. 702

*Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily ; 703  
 Now much beshrew my manners and my pride, 704  
 If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied. 705  
 But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie 706  
 Lie further off, in humane modesty, 707  
 Such separation, as may well be said, 708  
 Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide, 709  
 So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend ; 710  
 Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end. 711

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I, 712  
 And then end life, when I end loyalty : 713  
 Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest. 714

*Her.* With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest. 715

694 *Enter Pucke.*

695 *Puck.* Through the forrest haue I gone.

696 But *Athenian* found I none,

697 On whose eyes I might approue

698 This flowers force in stirring loue.

699 Night and silence. Who is heere ?

700 Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare :

701 This is hee (my master saide )

702 Despifed the *Athenian* maide :

703 And here the maiden, sleeping found,

704 On the danke and dirty ground.

705 Pretty fowle, she durst not lye,

706 Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtesie.

707 Chutle, vpon thy eyes I throwe

708 All the power this charme doth owe :

709 When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde

710 Sleepe, his feat, on thy eye lidde.

711 So awake, when I am gon :

734 712 For I muft now to *Oberon.* *Exit.*

713 *Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

714 *Hel.* Stay; though thou kill mee, sweete *Demetrius.*

715 *De.* I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus.

716 *Hele.* O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not so,

717 *De.* Stay, on thy perill : I alone will goe.

718 *Hel.* O, I am out of breath, in this fond chafe,

719 The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace.

720 Happie is *Hermia*, wherefoere she lies:

721 For she hath blessed, and attractiue eyes.

722 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares,

723 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.

724 No, no : I am as vgly as a Beare :

725 For beastes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.

726 Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*

*Enter Pucke.**They sleepe.* 716

*Puck.* Through the Forrest haue I gone, 717  
 But *Athenian* finde I none, 718  
 One whose eyes I might approue 719  
 This flowers force in stirring loue. 720  
 Night and silence : who is heere ? 721  
 Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare : 722  
 This is he (my mafter said) 723  
 Despised the *Athenian* maide : 724  
 And heere the maiden sleeping found, 725  
 On the danke and durty ground. 726  
 Pretty foule, she durst not lye 727  
 Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtiefie. 728  
 Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw . 729  
 All the power this charme doth owe : 730  
 When thou wak'ft, let loue forbid 731  
 Sleepe his feate on thy eye-lid. 732  
 So awake when I am gone : 733  
 For I muft now to *Oberon*. *Exit.* 734

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

735

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, fweete *Demetrius*. 736*De.* I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus. 737*Hel.* O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not fo. 738*De.* Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe. 739*Exit Demetrius.* 740*Hel.* O I am out of breath, in this fond chace, 741

The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace, 742

Happy is *Hernia*, wherefoere she lies ; 743

For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes. 744

How came her eyes so bright ? Not with falt teares. 745

If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers. 746

No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare ; 747

For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare, 748

Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius* 749

- 750 727 Doe, as a monfter, fly my prefence, thus.  
 728 What wicked and difsembling glaffe, of mine,  
 729 Made me compare with *Hermias* fphery eyen !  
 730 But, who is here ? *Lysander*, on the ground ?  
 731 Dead, or a fleepe ? I fee no blood, no wound,  
 732 *Lysander*, if you liue, good fir awake.  
 733 *Lyf.* And runne through fire, I will for thy fweete fake.  
 734 Tranfparent *Helena*, nature fhewes arte,  
 735 That through thy bofome, makes me fee thy heart.  
 736 Where is *Demetrius* ? Oh how fit a word  
 737 Is that vile name, to perifh on my fworde !  
 761 738 *Hel.* Do not fay fo, *Lysander*, fay not fo.  
 739 What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though ?  
 740 Yet *Hermia* ftill loues you : then be content.  
 741 *Lyf.* Content with *Hermia*? No : I doe repent  
 742 The tedious minutes, I with her haue fpent.  
 743 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.  
 744 VWho will not change a Rauen for a doue ?  
 745 The will of man is by his reafon fwai'd :  
 746 And reafon faies you are the worthier maide.  
 747 Things growing are not ripe, vntill their feafon :  
 748 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reafon.  
 749 And touching now, the pomt of humane skill,  
 750 Reafon becomes the Marshall to my will,  
 751 And leads mee to your eyes ; where I orelooke  
 752 Loues ftories, written in loues richeft booke.  
 776 753 *Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne ?  
 754 When, at your hands, did I deferue this fcorne ?  
 755 Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man,  
 756 That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,  
 757 Deferue a fweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,  
 758 But you muft flout my infufficiency ?  
 759 Good troth you doe mee wrong (good footh you doe)  
 760 In fuch difdainfull manner, mee to wooe.  
 761 But, fare you well : perforce, I muft confeffe,  
 762 I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe.

Doe as a monfter, flie my prefence thus.	750
What wicked and diffembling glaffe of mine,	751
Made me compare with <i>Hermias</i> fphery eyne ?	752
But who is here ? <i>Lysander</i> on the ground ;	753
Deade or afleepe ? I fee no bloud, no wound,	754
<i>Lysander</i> , if you liue, good fir awake.	755
<i>Lyf.</i> And run through fire I will for thy fweet fake.	756
Tranfparent <i>Helena</i> , nature her fhewes art,	757
That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart.	758
Where is <i>Demetrius</i> ? oh how fit a word	759
Is that vile name, to perifh on my fword !	760
<i>Hel.</i> Do not fay fo <i>Lysander</i> , fay not fo :	761
What though he loue your <i>Hermia</i> ? Lord, what though?	762
Yet <i>Hermia</i> fill loues you ; then be content.	763
<i>Lyf.</i> Content with <i>Hermia</i> ? No, I do repent	764
The tedious minutes I with her haue fpent.	765
Not <i>Hermia</i> , but <i>Helena</i> now I loue ;	766
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue ?	767
The will of man is by his reafon fway'd :	768
And reafon faies you are the worthier Maide.	769
Things growing are not ripe vntill their feafon ;	770
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reafon,	771
And touching now the point of humane skill,	772
Reafon becomes the Marfhall to my will,	773
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke	774
Loues ftories, written in Loues richeft booke.	775
<i>Hel.</i> Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?	776
When at your hands did I deferue this fcorne ?	777
Ift not enough, ift not enough, yong man,	778
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,	779
Deferue a fweete looke from <i>Demetrius</i> eye,	780
But you muft flout my infufficiency ?	781
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)	782
In fuch difdainfull manner, me to wooe.	783
But fare you well ; perforce I muft confefse,	784
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe.	785

- 763 O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,  
 764 Should, of another, therefore be abus'd ! *Exit.*  
 765 *Lys.* She fees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, sleepe thou there,  
 766 And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere.  
 767 For, as a surfet of the sweetest things  
 768 The deepest loathing, to the stomacke brings :  
 769 Or, as the heresies, that men doe leaue,  
 770 Are hated most of those they did deceiue :  
 771 So thou, my surfet, and my heresie,  
 772 Of all bee hated; but the most, of mee :  
 773 And all my powers addresse your loue and might,  
 774 To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*  
 798 775 *Her.* Helpe mee *Lysander*, helpe mee : do thy best  
 776 To pluck this crawling serpent, from my brest.  
 777 Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here ?  
 778 *Lysander* looke, how I doe quake with feare.  
 779 Me thought, a serpent eate my heart away,  
 780 And you fate smiling at his cruell pray.  
 781 *Lysander* what, remou'd ? *Lysander*, Lord,  
 782 What, out of hearing, gon ? No sound, no word ?  
 783 Alacke where are you ? Speake, and if you heare :  
 784 Speake, of all loues. I fwoune almost with feare.  
 785 No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny :  
 786 Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

787

*Enter the Clownes.*

- 788 *Bott.* Are wee all met ?  
 789 *Quin.* Pat, pat : and heres a maruailes conuenient place,  
 790 for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this  
 791 hauthorne brake our tyring house, and wee will doe it in  
 792 action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,	786
Should of another therefore be abus'd.	<i>Exit.</i> 787
<i>Lys.</i> She fees not <i>Hermia</i> : <i>Hermia</i> sleepe thou there,	788
And neuer maift th ou come <i>Lysander</i> neere ;	789
For as a furfeit of the fweetest things	790
The deepeft loathing to the stomacke brings :	791
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,	792
Are hated most of those that did deceiue :	793
So thou, my furfeit, and my heresie,	794
Of all be hated ; but the most of me ;	795
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,	796
To honour <i>Helen</i> , and to be her Knight.	<i>Exit.</i> 797
<i>Her.</i> Helpe me <i>Lysander</i> , helpe me ; do thy best	798
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.	799
Aye me, for pittie ; what a dreame was here ?	800
<i>Lysander</i> looke, how I do quake with feare :	801
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,	802
And yet sat sm ling at his cruell prey.	803
<i>Lysander</i> , what remou'd ? <i>Lysander</i> , Lord,	804
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word ?	805
Alacke where are you ? speake and if you heare :	806
Speake of all louses ; I found almost with feare.	807
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,	808
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.	<i>Exit.</i> 809

*Actus Tertius.**Enter the Clownes.*

810

*Bot.* Are we all met ?

811

*Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient  
 place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our  
 stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will  
 do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

813  
814  
815

793 *Bott Peeter Quince ?*

794 *Quin.* What faiest thou, bully, *Bottom ?*

795 *Bot.* There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and

820 796 *Thisby*, that will neuer please. Firft, *Pyramus* must draw

797 a sworde, to kill himselfe ; which the Ladies cannot abide,

798 How answere you that ?

799 *Snout.* Berlakin, a parlous feare.

800 *Star.* I beleeeue, we must leaue the killing, out, when all

801 is done.

802 *Bott.* Not a whit : I haue a deuise to make all well. Write

803 me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say ; we wil

804 do no harme, with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not

805 kild indeede : and for the more better assurance, tel them,

806 that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer :

807 this will put them out of feare.

808 *Quin.* Well : wee will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be

832 809 written in eight and six.

810 *Bot.* No : make it two more : let it be written in eight &

811 eight.

812 *Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon ?

813 *Star.* I feare it, I promise you.

814 *Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to

815 bring in ( God shielde vs ) a Lyon among Ladies, is

816 a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull

817 wilde foule then your Lyon liuing : & we ought to looke

818 toote.

843 819 *Sno.* Therefore, another Prologue must tel, he is not a Lion.

820 *Bot.* Nay : you must name his name, and halfe his face

821 must be seene through the Lions necke, and he himselfe

822 must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect ;

823 Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would re-

824 quest you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to treble :

825 my life for yours If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it

826 were pittie of my life. No : I am no such thing : I am a man

827 as other men are : & there indeed, let him name his name,



- Bot.* Peter quince ? 816
- Peter.* What faist thou, bully *Bottome* ? 817
- Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and 818  
*Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Piramus* must draw a 819  
sword to kill himselfe ; which the Ladies cannot abide. 820  
How answere you that ? 821
- Snout.* Berlaken, a parlous feare. 822
- Star.* I beleewe we must leaue the killing out, when 823  
all is done. 824
- Bot.* Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. 825  
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, 826  
we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* 827  
is not kill'd indeede : and for the more better assurance, 828  
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the 829  
Weauer ; this will put them out of feare. 830
- Quin.* Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall 831  
be written in eight and fixe. 832
- Bot.* No, make it two more, let it be written in eight 833  
and eight. 834
- Snout.* Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon ? 835
- Star.* I feare it, I promise you. 836
- Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to 837  
bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most 838  
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde 839  
foule then your Lyon liuing : and wee ought to looke 840  
to it. 841
- Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not 842  
a Lyon. 843
- Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face 844  
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe 845  
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect ; 846  
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would 847  
request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to 848  
tremble : my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither 849  
as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such 850  
thing, I am a man as other men are ; and there indeed let 851

828 and tell them plainly he is *Snugge*, the Ioyner.

829 *Quin.* Well : it fhall be fo : but there is two hard things :  
830 that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber : for you  
831 know, *Pyramus* and *Thifby* meete by Moone-light

832 *Sn.* Doth the Moone fhine, that night, we play our Play ?

860 833 *Bo.* A Calender, a Calender : looke in the Almanack : finde  
834 out Moone-fhine, finde out Moone-fhine.

835 *Quin.* Yes:it doth fhine that night.

836 *Cet.* Why then, may you leaue a cafement of the great  
837 chamber window (where we play) open ; and the Moone  
838 may fhine in at the cafement.

839 *Quin.* I : or els, one muft come in, with a bufh of thorns,  
840 & a lâtern, and fay he comes to diffigure, or to preſent the  
841 perſon of Moone-fhine. Then, there is another thing ; we  
842 muft haue a wal in the great chãber : for *Pyramus* & *Thif-*  
843 *by* (faies the ſtory) did take through the chinke of a wall,

844 *Sno.* You can neuer bring in a wal. What fay you *Bottom* ?

845 *Bot.* Some man or other muft preſent wall : and let him  
846 haue ſome plaſter, or ſom lome, or ſome rough caſt, about  
847 him, to ſignifie wall ; or let him holde his fingers thus : and  
848 through that crany, fhall *Pyramus* and *Thifby* whif-  
849 per.

850 *Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe e-  
851 uery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you  
852 beginne : when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into  
853 that Brake, and fo euery one according to his cue,

885 854 *Enter Robin*

855 *Ro.* What hempen homeſpunnes haue we ſwagging here,

him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the  
ioyner. 852  
853

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard  
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-  
ber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-  
light. 854  
855  
856  
857

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our  
play? 858  
859

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,  
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine. 860  
861

*Enter Pucke.* 862

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night. 863

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great  
chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone  
may shine in at the casement. 864  
865  
866

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns  
and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to pre-  
sent the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another  
thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Pi-  
ramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the  
chinke of a wall. 867  
868  
869  
870  
871  
872

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you  
*Bottome*? 873  
874

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let  
him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough  
cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fin-  
gers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and  
*Thisby* whifper. 875  
876  
877  
878  
879

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit  
downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts.  
*Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech,  
enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his  
cue. 880  
881  
882  
883  
884

*Enter Robin.* 885

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swagge-  
ring here, 886  
887

856 So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene ?

857 What, a play toward ? Ile be an Auditor,

858 An Actor to perhappes, If I see caufe.

859 *Quin.* Speake *Pyramus* : *Thysby* stand forth.

860 *Pyra.* *Thysby* the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

861 *Quin.* Odours, odorous.

862 *Py.* Odours fauours sweete.

863 So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thysby* deare,

864 But harke, a voice : stay thou but heere a while,

865 And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

866 *Quin.* A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere,

899 867 *Thysf.* Must I speake now ?

868 *Quin.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstãd, he goes

869 but to see a noyfe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

870 *Thysf.* Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lillie white of hewe,

871 Of colour like the red rose, on triumphant bryer,

872 Most brisky Iuuenall, and eeke most louely Iewe,

873 As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

874 Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* tounge.

875 *Quin.* *Ninus* tounge, man. Why ? you must not speake

876 That yet. That you answered to *Pyramus*. You speake

877 Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter : your cue

878 is past : It is; neuer tire.

879 *Thysf.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuertyre.

880 *Py.* If I were faire, *Thysby*, I were onely thine.

915 881 *Quin.* O monstrous ! O strange ! We are haunted. Pray ma-

882 sters fly masters:helpe.

883 *Rob.* Ile follow you : Ile leade you about a Round,

884 Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through

885 Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryer :

886 A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier,

887 And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,

888 Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene ?	888
What, a Play toward ? Ile be an auditor,	889
An Actör too perhaps, if I see cause.	890
<i>Quin.</i> Speake <i>Piramus</i> : <i>Thisby</i> stand forth.	891
<i>Pir.</i> <i>Thisby</i> , the flowers of odious fauors sweete.	892
<i>Quin.</i> Odours, odours.	893
<i>Pir.</i> Odours fauors sweete,	894
So hath thy breath, my dearest <i>Thisby</i> deare.	895
But harke, a voyce : stay thou but here a while,	896
And by and by I will to thee appeare. <i>Exit. Pir.</i>	897
<i>Puck.</i> A stranger <i>Piramus</i> , then ere plaid here.	898
<i>Thyf.</i> Must I speake now ?	899
<i>Pet.</i> I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he	900
goes but to see a noyfe that he heard, and is to come a-	901
gaine.	902
<i>Thyf.</i> Most radiant <i>Piramus</i> , most Lilly white of hue,	903
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,	904
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,	905
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,	906
Ile meete thee <i>Piramus</i> , at <i>Ninnies</i> toombe.	907
<i>Pet.</i> <i>Ninus</i> toombe man : why, you must not speake	908
that yet ; that you answere to <i>Piramus</i> : you speake all	909
your part at once, cues and all. <i>Piramus</i> enter, your cue is	910
past ; it is neuer tyre.	911
<i>Thyf.</i> O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer	912
tyre:	913
<i>Pir.</i> If I were fa ire, <i>Thisby</i> I were onely thine.	914
<i>Pet.</i> O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray	915
masters, flye masters, helpe.	916
<i>The Clownes all Exit.</i>	917
<i>Puk.</i> Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,	918
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through	919
Sometime a horse Ile be, fometime a hound : (bryer,	920
A hogge, a headlesse beare, fometime a fire,	921
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,	922
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. <i>Exit.</i>	923

889 *Bot.* Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of  
890 them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

891 *Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

892 *Bot.* What doe you see? You see an Affe head of your  
893 owne. Do you?

894 *Enter* Quince. *(Exit.*  
895 *Quin* Bleffe thee *Bottom*, bleffe thee. Thou art trãllated.

896 *Bot.* I see their knauery. This is to make an affe of mee, to  
897 fright me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place  
898 do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and  
899 will fing that they shall heare I am not afraide.

900 The Woofell cock, so blacke of hewe,

901 With Orange tawny bill,

902 The Throftle, with his note so true,

903 The Wren, with little quill.

904 *Tytania.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

944 905 *Bot.* The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,

906 The plainfong Cuckow gray:

907 Whose note, full many a man doth marke,

908 And dares not anfwere, nay.

909 For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde?

910 Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow,

911 neuer so?

912 *Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortall, fing againe.

913 Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:

914 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

915 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

916 On the first viewe to say, to sweare, I loue thee.

917 *Bot.* Mee thinks mistresse, you should haue little reason

918 for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe

919 little company together, now a daies. The more the pittie,

*Enter Píramus with the Affe head.* 924

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of  
them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.* 925

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on  
thee? 927

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your  
owne, do you? 929

*Enter Peter Quince.* 931

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art transla-  
ted. *Exit.* 932

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an affe of me,  
to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from  
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe  
here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not a-  
fraid. 934

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew, 935

With Orange-tawny bill. 936

The Throftle, with his note so true, 937

The Wren and little quill. 938

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed? 939

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke, 940

The plainfong Cuckow gray; 941

Whose note full many a man doth marke, 942

And dares not answere, nay. 943

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? 944

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, 945

neuer so? 946

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, 947

Mine eare is much enamored of thy note; 948

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee. 949

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape, 950

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me. 951

*Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little 952

reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and 953

loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. 954

920 that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.  
 921 Nay I can gleeke, vpon occasion.

962 922 *Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

923 *Bott.* Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get out  
 924 of this wood, I haue enough to ferue mine owe turne.

925 *Tyta* Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe :

926 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

927 I am a spirit, of no common rate :

928 The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state,

929 And I doe loue thee : therefore goe with mee.

930 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee :

931 And they shall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,

932 And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleepe :

933 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse fo,

934 That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe.

935 *Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede ?*

977 936 *Enter foure Fairies.*

937 *Fai.* Readie : and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe ?

938 *Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,

939 Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,

940 Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

941 With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,

942 The hony bagges steale from the humble Bees,

943 And for night tapers, crophe their waxen thighes,

944 And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,

945 To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise,

946 And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,

947 To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,

989 948 Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

949 1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

950 2. *Fai.* Haile.

951 3. *Fai.* Haile.

952 *Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, hartily : I beseech your

953 worships name.



The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will 959  
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occa- 960  
sion. 961

*Tyta.* Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull. 962

*Bot.* Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get 963  
out of this wood, I haue enough to ferue mine owne 964  
turne. 965

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe, 966  
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no. 967  
I am a spirit of no common rate : 968  
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state, 969  
And I doe loue thee ; therefore goe with me, 970  
He giue thee Fairies to attend on thee ; 971  
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe, 972  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe : 973  
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse fo, 974  
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go. 975

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard- 976  
seede, and foure Fairies.* 977

*Fai.* Ready ; and I, and I, and I, Where shalt we go ? 978

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, 979  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies, 980  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries, 981  
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, 982  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees, 983  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes, 984  
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes, 985  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise : 986  
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, 987  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies . 988  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies. 989

1.*Fai.* Haile mortall, haile. 990

2.*Fai.* Haile. 991

3.*Fai.* Haile. 992

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartily ; I beseech 993  
your worships name. 994

954 *Cob. Cobwebbe.*

955 *Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good ma-  
956 ster *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with  
957 you. Your name honest gentleman?

958 *Pea. Pease-blossome.*

959 *Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your  
960 mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master  
961 *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance,  
962 to. Your name I beseech you sir?

1005 963 *Must. Mustardseede.*

964 *Bot.* Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience  
965 well. That same cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath de-  
966 uourd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you,  
967 your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire  
968 you more acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*.

969 *Tita.* Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.

970 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:

971 And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower.

972 Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

973 Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him silently *Exit.*

974 *Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.*

975 *Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awakt;

976 Then what it was, that next came in her eye,

977 Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

978 Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

979 What nightrule now about this haunted groue?

980 *Puck.* My mistresse with a monster is in loue,

981 Neere to her clofe and consecrated bower.

982 While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,

1028 983 A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

<i>Cob. Cobweb.</i>	995
<i>Bot.</i> I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good	996
Master <i>Cobweb</i> : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold	997
with you.	998
Your name honest Gentleman ?	999
<i>Peaf. Pease-blossome.</i>	1000
<i>Bot.</i> I pray you commend mee to mistress <i>Squash</i> ,	1001
your mother, and to master <i>Peascod</i> your father. Good	1002
master <i>Pease-blossome</i> , I shall desire of you more acquaint-	1003
ance to. Your name I beseech you sir ?	1004
<i>Muf. Mustard-seede.</i>	1005
<i>Peaf. Pease-blossome.</i>	1006
<i>Bot.</i> Good master <i>Mustard-seede</i> , I know your pati-	1007
ence well : that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe	1008
hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-	1009
mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere	1010
now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master	1011
<i>Mustard-seede.</i>	1012
<i>Tita.</i> Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.	1013
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,	1014
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,	1015
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.	1016
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. <i>Exit.</i>	1017
 <i>Enter King of Pharies, solus.</i>	1018
 <i>Ob.</i> I wonder if <i>Titania</i> be awak't ;	1019
Then what it was that next came in her eye,	1020
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.	1021
<i>Enter Pucke.</i>	1022
Here comes my messenger : how now mad spirit,	1023
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?	1024
<i>Puck.</i> My Mistris with a monster is in loue,	1025
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,	1026
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	1027
A crew of patches, rude Mcehanicals,	1028

984 That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* stalles,  
 985 Were met together to rehearse a play,  
 986 Intended for great *Thefeus* nuptiall day :  
 987 The shallowest thickskinne, of that barraine fort,  
 988 Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport,  
 989 Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,  
 990 VVhen I did him at this aduantage take :  
 991 An Affes nole I fixed on his head.  
 992 Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,  
 993 And forth my Minnick comes. When they him spy ;  
 994 As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fouler eye,  
 995 Or ruffet pated choughes, many in fort  
 996 (Ryng, and cawing, at the gunnes report) .  
 997 Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky :  
 998 So, at his fight, away his fellowes fly,  
 999 And at our stampe, here ore and ore, one falles :  
 1000 He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals  
 1001 Their sense, thus weake, loft with their feares, thus strong  
 1002 Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong  
 1003 For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, snatch :  
 1004 Some fleeces, some hats ; from yeelders, all things catch.  
 1050 1005 I led them on, in this distracted feare,  
 1006 And left sweete *Pyramus* translated there :  
 1007 When in that moment (so it came to passe)  
 1008 *Tytania* wak't, and straight way lou'd an Affe.  
 1009 *Ob.* This falles out better, then I could deuise.  
 1010 But hast thou yet latched the *Athenians* eyes,  
 1011 With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe ?  
 1012 *Rob.* I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)  
 1013 And the *Athenian* woman, by his side ;  
 1014 That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.

1015 *Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

1016 *Ob.* Stand close : this is the same *Athenian*.

1017 *Rob.* This is the woman : but not this the man.

That worke for bread vpon <i>Athenian</i> itals,	1029
Were met together to rehearse a Play,	1030
Intended for great <i>Thefeus</i> nuptiall day :	1031
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren fort,	1032
Who <i>Piramus</i> presented, in their sport,	1033
Forooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,	1034
When I did him at this aduantage take,	1035
An Affes nole I fixed on his head.	1036
Anon his <i>Thisbie</i> must be answered,	1037
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,	1038
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,	1039
Or ruffed-pated choughes, many in fort	1040
(Rifing and cawing at the guns report)	1041
Seuer themfelues, and madly sweepe the skye :	1042
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,	1043
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;	1044
He murther cries, and helpe from <i>Athens</i> calls.	1045
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,	1046
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.	1047
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,	1048
Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,	1049
I led them on in this distracted feare,	1050
And left sweete <i>Piramus</i> translated there :	1051
When in that moment (so it came to passe)	1052
<i>Tytania</i> waked, and straightway lou'd an Affe.	1053
<i>Ob.</i> This fals out better then I could deuise :	1054
But hast thou yet lacht the <i>Athenians</i> eyes,	1055
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe ?	1056
<i>Rob.</i> I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)	1057
And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his side,	1058
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.	1059

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.* 1060

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*. 1061

*Rob.* This is the woman, but not this the man. 1062

- 1018 *Demet.* O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you fo?  
 1019 Lay breath fo bitter, on your bitter foe.  
 1020 *Her.* Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worfe.  
 1021 For thou(I feare) haft giuen me caufe to curfe.  
 1022 If thou haft flaine *Lyfander*, in his sleepe; (to,  
 1023 Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
- 1070 1024 The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,  
 1025 As hee to mee. Would hee haue stollen away,  
 1026 Frow sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleuee, as foone,  
 1027 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone  
 1028 May through the Center creepe, and fo displeafe  
 1029 Her brothers noonetide, with th'*Antipodes*.  
 1030 It cannot be, but thou haft murdred him.  
 1031 So should a murtherer looke; fodead, fo grimme.  
 1032 *Dem.* So should the murdered looke, and fo should I,  
 1033 Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty.  
 1034 Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,  
 1035 As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering spheare.  
 1036 *Her.* Whats this to my *Lyfander*? Where is hee?  
 1037 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?  
 1038 *Deme.* I had rather giue his carcaffes to my hounds.
- 1085 1039 *Her.* Out dog, out curre: thou driu'ft me past the bounds  
 1040 Of maidens patience. Haft thou flaine him then?  
 1041 Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.  
 1042 O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my sake:  
 1043 Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?  
 1044 And haft thou kild him, sleeping? O braue tutch:  
 1045 Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much?  
 1046 An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue  
 1047 Then thyne (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.  
 1048 *Deme.* You spende your passion, on a misprif'd mood:  
 1049 I am not guilty of *Lyfanders* bloode:  
 1050 Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.  
 1051 *Her.* I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.  
 1052 *De.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

- Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loues you fo ? 1063  
 Lay breath fo bitter on your bitter foe. 1064
- Her.* Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worfe. 1065  
 For thou (I feare) haft giuen me caufe to curfe, 1066  
 If thou haft flaine *Lysander* in his sleepe, 1067  
 Being ore shoes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill 1068  
 me too : 1069
- The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day, 1070  
 As he to me. Would he haue stollen away, 1071  
 From sleeping *Hermia* ? Ile belecue as foone 1072  
 This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone 1073  
 May through the Center creepe, and fo displeafe 1074  
 Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*. 1075  
 It cannot be but thou haft murdred him, 1076  
 So should a mutrherer looke, fo dead, fo grim. 1077
- Dem.* So should the murderer looke, and fo should I, 1078  
 Pierft through the heart with your stearne cruelty : 1079  
 Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare, 1080  
 As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare. 1081
- Her.* What's this to my *Lysander* ? where is he ? 1082  
 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me ? 1083
- Dem.* I'de rather giue his cark affe to my hounds. 1084
- Her.* Out dog, out cur, thou driu'ft me past the bounds 1085  
 Of maidens patience. Haft thou flaine him then? 1086  
 Henceforth be neuer numbred among men. 1087  
 Oh, once tell true, euen for my fake, 1088  
 Durft thou a lookt vpon him, being awake ? 1089  
 And haft thou kill'd him sleeping ? O braue tutch : 1090  
 Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much ? 1091  
 An Adder did it : for with doubler tongue 1092  
 Then thine(thou ferpent) neuer Adder stung. 1093
- Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispri'sd mood, 1094  
 I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood : 1095  
 Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell. 1096
- Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well. 1097
- Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore ? 1098

- 1053 *Her.* A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more :  
 1054 And from thy hated prefence part I : see me no more ;  
 1055 Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*  
 1102 1056 *Deme.* There is no following her in this fierce vaine.  
 1057 Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.  
 1058 So sorrowes heauineffe doth heauier growe.  
 1059 For debt that bankrout flippe doth sorrow owe :  
 1060 Which now in some slight meafure it will pay ;  
 1061 If for his tender here I make some stay. *Ly doune.*  
 1062 *Ob.* What hast thou done ? Thou hast mistaken quite,  
 1063 And laid the loue iuice on some true loutes fight.  
 1064 Of thy misprifion, must perforce enfue  
 1065 Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true.  
 1066 *Robi.* Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth,  
 1067 A million faile, confounding oath on oath,  
 1068 *Ob.* About the wood, goe fwifter then the winde,  
 1069 And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.  
 1070 All fancy ficke she is and pale of cheere,  
 1071 With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.  
 1072 By some illusion see thou bring her here :  
 1073 Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.  
 1074 *Robin.* I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.  
 1075 Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.  
 1122 1076 *Ob.* Flower of this purple dy,  
 1077 Hit with *Cupids* archery,  
 1078 Sinke in apple of his eye,  
 1079 When his loue he doth espy,  
 1080 Let her shine as glorioufly  
 1081 As the *Venus* of the sky.  
 1082 When thou wak'ft, if she be by,  
 1083 Begge of her; for remedy.  
  
 1084 *Enter Puck.*  
 1085 *Puck.* Captaine of our Fairy band,  
 1086 *Helena* is heere at hande,  
 1087 And the youth, mistooke by mee,



<i>Her.</i> A priuiledge, neuer to see me more ;	1099
And from thy hated prence part I : see me no more	1100
Whether he be dead or no.	<i>Exit.</i> 1101
<i>Dem.</i> There is no following her in this fierce vaine,	1102
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.	1103
So sorrowes heauineffe doth heauier grow:	1104
For debt that bankrout flip doth sorrow owe,	1105
Which now in some flight measure it will pay,	1106
If for his tender here I make some stay.	<i>Lie downe.</i> 1107
<i>Ob.</i> What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite	1108
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight :	1109
Of thy misprifion, must perforce enfee	1110
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.	1111
<i>Rob.</i> Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,	1112
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.	1113
<i>Ob.</i> About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,	1114
And <i>Helena</i> of <i>Athens</i> looke thou finde.	1115
All fancy ficke she is, and pale of cheere,	1116
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.	1117
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,	1118
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.	1119
<i>Robin.</i> I go, I go, looke how I goe,	1120
Swifter then arrow from the <i>Tartars</i> bowe.	<i>Exit.</i> 1121
<i>Ob.</i> Flower of this purple die,	1122
Hit with <i>Cupids</i> archery,	1123
Sinke in apple of his eye,	1124
When his loue he doth espie,	1125
Let her shine as gloriously	1126
As the <i>Venus</i> of the sky.	1127
When thou wak'ft if she be by,	1128
Beg of her for remedy.	1129
<i>Enter Pucke.</i>	
<i>Puck.</i> Captaine of our Fairy band,	1130
<i>Helena</i> is heere at hand,	1131
And the youth, mistooke by me,	1132
	1133

1088 Pleading for a louers fee  
 1089 Shall wee their fond pageant see ?  
 1090 Lord, what fooles these mort als bee !  
 1091 *Ob.* Stand aside. The noyfe, they make,  
 1092 Will caufe *Demetrius* to awake.  
 1093 *Pu.* Then will two, at once, wooe one :  
 1094 That muft needes be fport alone.  
 1095 And thofe things do beft please mee,  
 1096 That befall prepoft'roufly.

1143 1097 *Enter Lyfander, and Helena.*

1098 *Lyf.* Why fhould you think, that I fhould wooe in fcorne?  
 1099 Scorne, and derifion, neuer come in teares.  
 1100 Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes fo borne,  
 1101 In their natiuitie all truth appeares,  
 1102 How can thefe things, in mee, feeme fcorne to you ?  
 1103 Bearing the badge of faith to prouue them true.

1104 *Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,  
 1105 When trueth killes truth,  $\delta$  diuelifh holy fray !  
 1106 Thefe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore ?  
 1107 Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.  
 1108 Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two fcales)  
 1109 Will euen weigh: and both as light as tales.

1110 *Lyf.* I had no iudgement, when to her I fwore.

1111 *Hel.* Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

1158 1112 *Lyf.* *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.

1113 *Deme.* O *Helen*, goddeffe, nymph, perfect diuine,  
 1114 To what, my loue, fhall I compare thine eyne !  
 1115 Chrif tall is muddy. O, how ripe, in fhowe,  
 1116 Thy lippes, thofe kiffing cherries, tempting growe !  
 1117 That pure coniealed white, high *Taurus* fnow,  
 1118 Fand with the Eafterne winde, turnes to a crowe,  
 1119 When thou holdft vp thy hand. O let me kiffe  
 1120 This Princeffe of pure white, this feale of bliffe.  
 1121 *Hel.* O fpight! O hell! I fee, you all are bent  
 1122 To fet againft mee, for your merriment.

Pleading for a Louers fee.	1134
Shall we their fond Pageant see ?	1135
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be !	1136
<i>Ob.</i> Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,	1137
Will cauſe <i>Demetrius</i> to awake.	1138
<i>Puck.</i> Then will two at once wooe one,	1139
That muſt needs be ſport alone :	1140
And thoſe things doe beſt pleaſe me,	1141
That befall prepoſterouſly.	1142
<i>Enter Lyſander and Helena.</i>	
<i>Lyf.</i> Why ſhould you think y <sup>e</sup> I ſhould wooe in ſcorn ?	1143
Scorene and deriſion neuer comes in teares :	1145
Looke when I vow I weepe ; and vowes ſo borne,	1146
In their natiuity all truth appeares.	1147
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorn to you ?	1148
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.	1149
<i>Hel.</i> You doe aduance your cunning more & more,	1150
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray !	1151
Theſe vowes are <i>Hermias</i> . Will you giue her ore ?	1152
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.	1153
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two ſcales)	1154
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.	1155
<i>Lyf.</i> I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.	1156
<i>Hel.</i> Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.	1157
<i>Lyf.</i> <i>Demetrius</i> loues her, and he loues not you. <i>Awa.</i>	1158
<i>Dem.</i> O <i>Helen</i> , goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,	1159
To what my, loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne !	1160
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,	1161
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow !	1162
That pure congealed white, high <i>Taurus</i> ſnow,	1163
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,	1164
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe	1165
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.	1166
<i>Hell.</i> O ſpight ! O hell ! I ſee you are all bent	1167
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment :	1168

1123 If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,  
 1124 You would not doe mee thus much iniury.  
 1125 Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,  
 1126 But you muſt ioyne, in foules, to mocke mee to ?  
 1127 If you were men, as men you are in ſhowe,  
 1174 1128 You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo ;  
 1129 To vowe, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,  
 1130 When I am ſure, you hate mee with your hearts.  
 1131 You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia* :  
 1132 And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.  
 1133 A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,  
 1134 To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,  
 1135 With your deriſion None, of noble fort,  
 1136 Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort  
 1137 A poore foules patience, all to make you ſport.  
 1138 *Lyſand*, You are vnkinde, *Demetrius* : be not ſo.  
 1139 For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know  
 1140 And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,  
 1141 In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part :  
 1142 And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath :  
 1143 Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.  
 1144 *Hel.* Neuer did mockers waſte more idle breath.  
 1145 *Deme.* *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia* : I will none.  
 1192 1146 If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.  
 1147 My heart to her, but as gueſtwife, ſoiournd :  
 1148 And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,  
 1149 There to remaine.  
 1150 *Lyf.* *Helen*, it is not ſo.  
 1151 *Deme.* Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know ;  
 1152 Leaſt to thy perill, thou aby it deare.  
 1153 Looke where thy loue comes : yonder is thy deare.

1154 *Enter Hermia.*

1155 *Her.* Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,  
 1156 The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes.

If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,	1169
You would not doe me thus much iniury.	1170
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,	1171
But you must ioyne in foules to mocke me to ?	1172
If you are men, as men you are in fhow,	1173
You would not vse a gentle Lady so ;	1174
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,	1175
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.	1176
You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ;	1177
And now both Riuals to mocke <i>Helena</i> .	1178
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,	1179
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,	1180
With your derision ; none of noble fort,	1181
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort	1182
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.	1183
<i>Lysa.</i> You are vnkind <i>Demetrius</i> ; be not so,	1184
For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this you know I know ;	1185
And here with all good will, with all my heart,	1186
In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yeeld you vp my part;	1187
And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to me bequeath,	1188
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.	1189
<i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.	1190
<i>Dem.</i> <i>Lysander</i> , keep thy <i>Hermia</i> , I will none:	1191
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.	1192
My heart to her, but as gueft-wife soiourn'd,	1193
And now to <i>Helen</i> it is home return'd,	1194
There to remaine.	1195
<i>Lys.</i> It is not so.	1196
<i>De.</i> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,	1197
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.	1198
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.	1199

*Enter Hermia.* 1200

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, 1201  
The care more quicke of apprehension makes, 1202

- 1157 Wherein it doth impaire the feeling sense,  
 1158 It payes the hearing double recompence.  
 1159 Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lyfander*, found :  
 1160 Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.  
 1161 But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so ?  
 1162 *Lyf.* Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go ?  
 1163 *Her.* What loue could presse *Lyfander*, from my side ?  
 1210 1164 *Lyf.* *Lyfanders* loue (that would not let him bide)  
 1165 Faire *Helena* : who more engilds the night  
 1166 Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.  
 1167 Why feek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
 1168 The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so ?  
 1169 *Her.* You speake not as you thinke : It cannot bee.  
 1170 *Hel.* Lo : she is one of this confederacy.  
 1171 Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,  
 1172 To fashon this false sport, in spight of mee.  
 1173 Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,  
 1174 Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd  
 1175 To baite mee, with this foule derision ?  
 1176 Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,  
 1177 The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,  
 1178 When we haue chid the hastie footed time,  
 1179 For parting vs; O, is all forgot ?  
 1180 All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence ?  
 1227 1181 VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,  
 1182 haue with our needles, created both one flower,  
 1183 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 1184 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
 1185 As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes  
 1186 had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,  
 1187 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;  
 1188 But yet an vnion in partition,  
 1189 Two louely berries moulded on one stemme :  
 1190 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
 1191 Two of the first life coats in heraldry,  
 1192 Due but to one, and crowned with one creast.

Wherein it doth impaire the seeing fenfe,	1203
Ir paies the hearing double recompence.	1204
Thou art not by mine eye, <i>Lyfander</i> found,	1205
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found.	1206
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so? (to go?)	1207
<i>Lyfan.</i> Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse	1208
<i>Her.</i> What loue could presse <i>Lyfander</i> from my side?	1209
<i>Lyf.</i> <i>Lyfanders</i> loue (that would not let him bide)	1210
Faire <i>Helena</i> ; who more engilds the night,	1211
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.	1212
Why seek'ft thou me? Could not this make thee know,	1213
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?	1214
<i>Her.</i> You speake not as you thinke ; it cannot be.	1215
<i>Hel.</i> Loe, she is one of this confederacy,	1216
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all these,	1217
To fashon this false sport in spight of me.	1218
Iniurious <i>Hermia</i> , most vngratefull maid,	1219
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd	1220
To baite me, with this foule derision?	1221
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,	1222
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,	1223
When wee haue chid the hafty footed time,	1224
For parting vs ; O, is all forgot?	1225
All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?	1226
We <i>Hermia</i> , like two Artificiall gods,	1227
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,	1228
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,	1229
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;	1230
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes	1231
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,	1232
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,	1233
But yet a vnion in partition,	1234
Two louely berries molded on one stem,	1235
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,	1236
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,	1237
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.	1238

- 1193 And will you rent our aunccient loue afunder,  
 1194 To ioyne with men, in fcorning your poore friend ?  
 1195 It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.  
 1196 Our fex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;  
 1197 Though I alone doe fele the iniury.  
 1244 1198 *Her.* I am amazed at your words :  
 1199 I fcorne you not. It feemes that you fcorne mee.  
 1200 *Hel.* haue you not fet *Lysander*, as in fcorne,  
 1201 To follow mee, and praife my eyes and face ?  
 1202 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*  
 1203 (Who euen but now did fpurne mee with his foote)  
 1204 To call mee goddeffe, nymph, diuine, and rare,  
 1205 Pretious celeftiall? VVherefore fpeakes he this,  
 1206 To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lysander*  
 1207 Deny your loue (fo rich within his foule)  
 1208 And tender mee (forfooth) affection,  
 1209 But by your fetting on, by your confent ?  
 1210 VVhat, though I be not fo in grace as you,  
 1211 So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate ?  
 1212 (But miserable moft, to loue vnlou'd)  
 1213 This you fhould pittie, rather then defpife.  
 1214 *Her.* I vnderftand not, what you meane by this,  
 1215 *Hel.* I doe. Perfeuer, counterfait fad lookes :  
 1262 1216 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back :  
 1217 Winke each at other, holde the fweete leaft vp.  
 1218 This fport well carried, fhall bee chronicled.  
 1219 If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
 1220 You would not make mee fuch an argument.  
 1221 But fare ye well : tis partly my owne fault :  
 1222 Which death, or abfence foone fhall remedy.  
 1223 *Lyf.* Stay, gentle *Helena* : heare my excufe,  
 1224 My loue, my life, my foule, faire *Helena*.  
 1225 *hel.* O excellent !  
 1226 *Herm.* Sweete, doe not fcorne her fo.  
 1227 *Dem.* If fhe cannot entreat, I can compell.  
 1228 *Lyf.* Thou canft compell no more, then fhe intreat.



And will you rent our ancient loue afunder,	1239
To ioyne with men in fcorning your poore friend ?	1240
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.	1241
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,	1242
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.	1243
<i>Her.</i> I am amazed at your paffionate words,	1244
I fcorne you not ; It feemes that you fcorne me.	1245
<i>Hel.</i> Haue you not fet <i>Lysander</i> , as in fcorne	1246
To follow me, and praife my eies and face ?	1247
And made your other loue, <i>Demetrius</i>	1248
(Who euen but now did fpurne me with his foote)	1249
To call me goddeffe, nimph, diuine, and rare,	1250
Precious, celeftiall ? Wherefore fpeakes he this	1251
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth <i>Lysander</i>	1252
Denie your loue (fo rich within his foule)	1253
And tender me (forfooth) affection,	1254
But by your fetting on, by your confent ?	1255
What though I be not fo in grace as you,	1256
So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate ?	1257
(But miserable moft, to loue vnlo'u'd)	1258
This you fhould pittie, rather then defpife.	1259
<i>Her.</i> I vnderftand not what you meane by this.	1260
<i>Hel.</i> I, doe, perfeuer, counterfeit fad lookes,	1261
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,	1262
Winke each at other, hold the fweete left vp :	1263
This fport well carried, fhall be chronicled.	1264
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,	1265
You would not make me fuch an argument :	1266
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,	1267
Which death or abfence foone fhall remedie.	1268
<i>Lyf.</i> Stay gentle <i>Helena</i> , heare my excufe,	1269
My loue, my life, my foule, faire <i>Helena</i> .	1270
<i>Hel.</i> O excellent !	1271
<i>Her.</i> Sweete, do not fcorne her fo.	1272
<i>Dem.</i> If fhe cannot entreate, I can compell.	1273
<i>Lyf.</i> Thou canft compell, no more then fhe entreate.	1274

- 1229 Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.  
 1230 *Helen*, I loue thee, by my life I doe :  
 1231 I fwere by that which I will loofe for thee ;  
 1232 To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.  
 1233 *Dem.* I say, I loue thee more then he can do.  
 1280 1234 *Lysf.* If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.  
 1235 *Dem.* Quick come.  
 1236 *her. Lysfander*, whereto tends all this ?  
 1237 *Lysf.* Away, you *Ethiop.*  
 1238 *Dem.* No, no : heele  
 1239 Seeme to breake loofe : take on as you would follow ;  
 1240 But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.  
 1241 *Lysf.* Hang of thou cat, thou bur : vile thing let loofe ;  
 1242 Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.  
 1243 *her.* Why are you growne so rude ? What change is this,  
 1244 Sweete loue ?  
 1245 *Lysf.* Thy loue ? Out tawny *Tartar*, out :  
 1246 Out loathed medicine : ô hated potion hence.  
 1247 *her.* Doe you not ieast ?  
 1248 *hel.* Yes sooth : and so doe you.  
 1249 *Lysf. Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.  
 1250 *Dem.* I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,  
 1251 A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.  
 1252 *Lysf.* What ? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?  
 1253 Although I hate her, Ile notharme her so,  
 1254 *her.* What ? Can you do me greater harme, then hate ?  
 1255 Hate mee, wherefore ? O me, what newes, my loue ?  
 1256 Am not I *hermia* ? Are not you *Lysfander* ?  
 1257 I am as faire now, as I was ere while.  
 1258 Since night, you lou'd mee ; yet since night, you left mee,  
 1259 Why then, you left mee (ô the gods forbid)  
 1260 In earnest, shall I say ?  
 1307 1261 *Lysf* I, by my life :  
 1262 And neuer did desire to see thee more.  
 1263 Thefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt :  
 1264 Be certaine : nothing truer : tis no ieast  
 1265 That I doe hate thee, and loue *helen*.

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.	1275
<i>Helen</i> , I loue thee, by my life I doe ;	1276
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,	1277
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.	1278
<i>Dem.</i> I say, I loue thee more then he can do.	1279
<i>Lys.</i> If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.	1280
<i>Dem.</i> Quick, come.	1281
<i>Her.</i> <i>Lysander</i> , whereto tends all this ?	1282
<i>Lys.</i> Away, you <i>Ethiope</i> .	1283
<i>Dem.</i> No, no, Sir, feeme to breake loofe ;	1284
Take on as you would follow,	1285
But yet come not : you are a tame man, go.	1286
<i>Lys.</i> Hang off thou cat, thou bur ; vile thing let loofe,	1287
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.	1288
<i>Her.</i> Why are you growne so rude ?	1289
What change is this sweete Loue ?	1290
<i>Lys.</i> Thy loue ? out tawny <i>Tartar</i> , out ;	1291
Out loathed medicine ; O hated poifon hence.	1292
<i>Her.</i> Do you not iest ?	1293
<i>Hel.</i> Yes footh, and so do you.	1294
<i>Lys.</i> <i>Demetrius</i> : I will keepe my word with thee.	1295
<i>Dem.</i> I would I had your bond : for I perceiue	1296
A weake bond holds you ; Ile not trust your word.	1297
<i>Lys.</i> What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?	1298
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.	1299
<i>Her.</i> What, can you do me greater harme then hate ?	1300
Hate me, wherefore ? O me, what newes my Loue ?	1301
Am not I <i>Hermia</i> ? Are not you <i>Lysander</i> ?	1302
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.	1303
Since night you lou'd me ; yet since night you left me.	1304
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid	1305
In earnest, shall I say ?	1306
<i>Lys.</i> I, by my life ;	1307
And neuer did desire to see thee more.	1308
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt ;	1309
Be certaine, nothing truer : 'tis no iest,	1310
That I doe hate thee, and loue <i>Helena</i> .	1311

1266 *Her.* O mee, you iuggler, you canker bloffome,  
 1267 You theefe of loue : what, haue you come by night,  
 1268 And stolne my loues heart, from him ?

1269 *Hel.* Fine, I faith.

1270 Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
 1271 No touch of bashfulneffe? What, will you teare  
 1272 Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue ?

1273 Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you,

1274 *Her.* Puppet ? Why so ? I, that way goes the game,

1275 Now I perceiue that she hath made compare,

1276 Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,

1277 And with her personage, her tall personage,

1278 her height (forfooth) she hath preuaild with him.

1279 And are you growne so high in his esteeme,

1280 Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe ?

1281 how lowe am I, thou painted May-pole ? Speake :

1282 how lowe am I ? I am not yet so lowe,

1283 But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

1284 *Hel.* I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,

1285 Let her not hurt me, I was neuer curst :

1332 1286 I haue no gift at all in shrewishneffe :

1287 I am a right maid, for my cowardize :

1288 Let her not strike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,

1289 Because she is something lower then my selfe,

1290 That I can match her.

1291 *Her.* Lower ? harke againe.

1292 *Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with mee,

1293 I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,

1294 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you ;

1295 Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,

1296 I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.

1297 he followed you : for loue, I followed him.

1298 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee

1299 To strike mee, spurne mee ; nay to kill mee to,

1300 And now, so you will let me quiet goe,

1301 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,

*Her.* O me, you iugler, you canker bloffome, 1312  
 You theefe of loue ; What, haue you come by night, 1313  
 And stolne my loues heart from him ? 1314

*Hel.* Fine yfaith : 1315  
 Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame, 1316  
 No touch of bashfulnesse ? What, will you teare 1317  
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ? 1318  
 Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you. 1319

*Her.* Puppet ? why so ? I, that way goes the game. 1320  
 Now I perceiue that she hath made compare 1321  
 Betweene our stature, she hath vrg'd her height, 1322  
 And with her personage, her tall personage, 1323  
 Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him. 1324  
 And are you growne so high in his esteeme, 1325  
 Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ? 1326  
 How low am I, thou painted May-pole ? Speake, 1327  
 How low am I ? I am not yet so low, 1328  
 But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes. 1329

*Hel.* I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen, 1330  
 Let her not hurt me ; I was neuer curst : 1331  
 I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse ; 1332  
 I am a right maide for my cowardize ; 1333  
 Let her not strike me : you perhaps may thinke, 1334  
 Because she is something lower then my selfe, 1335  
 That I can match her. 1336

*Her.* Lower ? harke againe. 1337

*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me, 1338  
 I euermore did loue you *Hermia*, 1339  
 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you, 1340  
 Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*, 1341  
 I told him of your stealth vnto this wood. 1342  
 He followed you, for loue I followed him, 1343  
 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me 1344  
 To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too ; 1345  
 And now, so you will let me quiet go, 1346  
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe, 1347

- 1302 And follow you no further. Let me goe.  
 1303 You see how simple, and how fond I am.  
 1304 *Herm.* Why? get you gone. Who is it that hinders you?  
 1305 *Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.  
 1306 *Her.* What, with *Lyfander*?  
 1307 *Hel.* With *Demetrius*.  
 1308 *Lyf.* Be not afraid: she shall not harme thee *Helena*.  
 1309 *Deme.* No fir: she shall not, though you take her part.  
 1310 *Hel.* O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd.  
 1311 She was a vixen, when she went to schoole:  
 1312 And though she be but little, she is fierce.  
 1313 *Her.* Little againe? Nothing but low and little?  
 1314 Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?  
 1315 Let me come to her.  
 1316 *Lyf.* Get you gone, you dwarfe;  
 1317 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse, made;  
 1318 You bead, you acorne.  
 1365 1319 *Deme.* You are too officious,  
 1320 In her behalfe, that scornes your seruises.  
 1321 Let her alone: speake not of *Helena*,  
 1322 Take not her part. For if thou dost intend  
 1323 Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,  
 1324 Thou shalt aby it.  
 1325 *Lyf.* Now she holdes me not:  
 1326 Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
 1327 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.  
 1328 *Deme.* Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.  
  
 1329 *her.* You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.  
 1330 Nay: goe not backe.  
 1331 *hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
 1332 Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
 1333 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:  
 1334 My legges are longer though, to runne away.  
 1335 *her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *Exeunt.*

And follow you no further. Let me go.	1348
You see how simple, and how fond I am.	1349
<i>Her.</i> Why get you gone : who ist that hinders you ?	1350
<i>Hel.</i> A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.	1351
<i>Her.</i> What, with <i>Lysander</i> ?	1352
<i>Her.</i> With <i>Demetrius</i> .	1353
<i>Lys.</i> Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee <i>Helena</i> .	1354
<i>Dem.</i> No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.	1355
<i>Hel.</i> O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,	1356
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,	1357
And though she be but little, she is fierce.	1358
<i>Her.</i> Little againe ? Nothing but low and little ?	1359
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?	1360
Let me come to her.	1361
<i>Lys.</i> Get you gone you dwarfe,	1362
You <i>minimus</i> , of hindring knot-graffe made,	1363
You bead, you acorne.	1364
<i>Dem.</i> You are too officious,	1365
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.	1366
Let her alone, speake not of <i>Helena</i> ,	1367
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend	1368
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,	1369
Thou shalt abide it.	1370
<i>Lys.</i> Now she holds me not,	1371
Now follow if thou dar'ft, to try whose right,	1372
Of thine or mine is most in <i>Helena</i> .	1373
<i>Dem.</i> Follow ? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by	1374
iowle. <i>Exit Lysander and Demetrius.</i>	1375
<i>Her.</i> You Miftris, all this coyle is long of you.	1376
Nay, goe not backe.	1377
<i>Hel.</i> I will not trust you I,	1378
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.	1379
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,	1380
My legs are longer though to runne away.	1381

- 1336 *Ob.* This is thy negligence: fill thou mistak'ft,  
 1337 Or else commitst thy knaueries willfully.  
 1338 *Puck.* Beleeue mee, king of shadowes, I mistooke.  
 1339 Did not you tell mee, I should know the man.  
 1340 By the *Athenian* garments, he had on ?  
 1341 And, so farre eblamelesse prooues my enterprife,  
 1342 That I haue noited an *Athenians* eyes :  
 1343 And so farre am I glad, itso did fort,  
 1344 As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.  
 1345 *Ob.* Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight ;  
 1346 Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,  
 1347 The starry welkin couer thou anon,  
 1348 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,  
 1349 And lead these teasty Riuals so astray,  
 1350 As one come not within anothers way.  
 1351 Like to *Lyfander*, sometime frame thy tongue :  
 1352 Then stirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong :  
 1353 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius* :  
 1354 And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ;  
 1355 Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, sleepe,  
 1403 1356 With leaden legs, and Battywings doth creepe :  
 1357 Then crush this hearbe into *Lyfanders* eye ;  
 1358 Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,  
 1359 To take from thence all errour, with his might,  
 1360 And make his eyebalsroule with wonted fight,  
 1361 When they next wake, all this derision  
 1362 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision,  
 1363 And backe to *Athens* shall the louers wend,  
 1364 With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.  
 1365 Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee employ,  
 1366 Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy :  
 1367 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 1368 From monstres viewe, and all things shall be peace.  
 1369 *Puck.* My Faery Lord, this must be done with haste.  
 1370 For nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,



*Enter Oberon and Pucke.*

	1382
<i>Ob.</i> This is thy negligence, fill thou mistak'ft,	1383
Or elfe committ'ft thy knaueries willingly.	1384
<i>Puck.</i> Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,	1385
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,	1386
By the <i>Athenian</i> garments he hath on ?	1387
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,	1388
That I haue noited an Athenians eies,	1389
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,	1390
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.	1391
<i>Ob.</i> Thou seeft these Louers seeke a place to fight,	1392
Hie therefore <i>Robin</i> , ouercaft the night,	1393
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,	1394
With drooping fogge as blacke as <i>Acheron</i> ,	1395
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,	1396
As one come not within anothers way.	1397
Like to <i>Lysander</i> , fometime frame thy tongue,	1398
Then stirre <i>Demetrius</i> vp with bitter wrong;	1399
And fometime raile thou like <i>Demetrius</i> ;	1400
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,	1401
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe	1402
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe ;	1403
Then crush this hearbe into <i>Lysanders</i> eie,	1404
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,	1405
To take from thence all error, with his might,	1406
And make his eie-bals role with wonted fight.	1407
When they next wake, all this derision	1408
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,	1409
And backe to <i>Athens</i> shall the Louers wend	1410
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.	1411
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,	1412
Ile to my Queene, and beg her <i>Indian Boy</i> ;	1413
And then I will her charmed eie release	1414
From monstres view, and all things shall be peace.	1415
<i>Puck.</i> My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,	1416
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,	1417

1371 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger :  
 1372 At whose approach, Ghosts, wandering here and there,  
 1373 Troope home to Churchyards:damned spirits all ;  
 1374 That in crosse waies and floods haue buriall,  
 1375 Already to their wormy beds are gone :  
 1376 For feare leaft day should looke their shames vpon,  
 1377 They wilfully themfelues exile from light.  
 1378 And must for aye confort with black browed night.  
 1379 *Ober.* But we are spirits of another sort,  
 1380 I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made sport,  
 1381 And like a forrester, the groues may tread  
 1382 Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,  
 1430 1383 Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,  
 1384 Turnes, into yellow golde, his falt greene streames,  
 1385 But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay :  
 1386 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.  
 1387 *Pu.*Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down.  
 1388 I am feard in field & town. *Goblin*, lead them vp & downe.  
 1389 Here comes one. *Enter Lyfander.*

1390 *Lyf.*Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.

1391 *Rob.* Here villaine, drawne & ready.Where art thou ?

1392 *Lyf.* I will be with thee straight.

1393 *Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

1394 *Enter Demetrius.*

1395 *Deme.* *Lyfander*, speake againe.

1396 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

1397 Speake in some bush. Where doest thou hide thy head ?

1398 *Rob.* Thou coward art thou bragging, to the starres,

1399 Telling the bushes that thou look'ft for warres,

1400 And wilt not come ? Come recreant, come thou childe,

1401 Ile whippe thee with a rodde.He is defil'd,

1402 That draws a sword on thee,

1452 1403 *De.* Yea, art thou there ?

1404 *Ro.* Follow my voice : weele try no manhood here. *Exeñt.*

And yonder shines <i>Auroras</i> harbinger ;	1418
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,	1419
Troope home to Church-yards ; damned spirits all,	1420
That in crosse-waies and fouds haue buriall,	1421
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone ;	1422
For feare leaft day should looke their shames vpon,	1423
They wilfully themfelues exile from light,	1424
And must for aye confort with blacke browd night.	1425
<i>Ob.</i> But we are spirits of another sort :	1426
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,	1427
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,	1428
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,	1429
Opening on <i>Neptune</i> , with faire blessed beames,	1430
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.	1431
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay :	1432
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.	1433
<i>Puck.</i> Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade	1434
them vp and downe : I am fear'd in field and towne.	1435
<i>Goblin</i> , lead them vp and downe : here comes one.	1436
<i>Enter Lysander.</i>	1437
<i>Lyf.</i> Where art thou, proud <i>Demetrius</i> ?	1438
Speake thou now.	1439
<i>Rob.</i> Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou ?	1440
<i>Lyf.</i> I will be with thee straight.	1441
<i>Rob.</i> Follow me then to plainer ground.	1442
<i>Enter Demetrius.</i>	1443
<i>Dem. Lysander</i> , speake againe ;	1444
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?	1445
Speake in some bush : Where dost thou hide thy head ?	1446
<i>Rob.</i> Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,	1447
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,	1448
And wilt not come ? Come recreant, come thou childe,	1449
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd	1450
That drawes a sword on thee.	1451
<i>Dem.</i> Yea, art thou there ?	1452
<i>Ro.</i> Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. <i>Exit.</i>	1453

1405 *Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on :  
 1406 When I come where he calles, then he is gon.  
 1407 The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I ;  
 1408 I followed fast : but faster he did fly ;  
 1409 That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,  
 1410 And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day.  
 1411 For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,  
 1412 Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

1413 Robin, and *Demetrius*.

1414 *Robi.* Ho, ho, ho : Coward, why comst thou not ?

1415 *Deme.* Abide me, if thou dar'ft. For well I wot,

1416 Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,

1417 And dar'ft not stand, nor looke me in the face.

1418 Where art thou now ?

1419 *Rob.* Come hither : I am here.

1420 *De.* Nay then thou mockst me. Thou shalt buy this dear.

1421 If euer I thy face by day light see.

1422 Now, goe thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,

1423 To measure, out my length, on this cold bed :

1424 By daies approach looke to be visited.

1425 *Enter* Helena.

1476 1426 *Hele.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,

1427 Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east ;

1428 That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,

1429 From these that my poore company detest :

1430 And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,

1431 Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

1432 *Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more.

1433 Two of both kindes makes vp fower.

1434 Heare shee comes, curst and fadde.

1435 *Cupid* is a knauish ladde,

1436 Thus to make poore females madde.

1437 *Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,

1438 Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briers :

- Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on, 1454  
 When I come where he calls, then he's gone. 1455  
 The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I : 1456  
 I followed fast, but faster he did flye ; *shifting places.* 1457  
 That fallen am I in darke vneuen way, 1458  
 And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day : *lye down.* 1459  
 For if but once thou shew me thy gray light, 1460  
 Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight. 1461  
*Enter Robin and Demetrius.* 1462
- Rob.* Ho, ho, ho ; coward, why com'st thou not ? 1463  
*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot, 1464  
 Thou runst before me, shifting euery place, 1465  
 And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face. 1466  
 Where art thou ? 1467  
*Rob.* Come hither, I am here. 1468  
*Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me ; thou shalt buy this 1469  
 deere, 1470  
 If euer I thy face by day-light see. 1471  
 Now goe thy way : faintnesse constraineth me, 1472  
 To measure out my length on this cold bed, 1473  
 By daies approach looke to be visited. 1474  
*Enter Helena.* 1475
- Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night, 1476  
 Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East, 1477  
 That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light, 1478  
 From these that my poore companie detest ; 1479  
 And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie, 1480  
 Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.* 1481  
*Rob.* Yet but three ? Come one more, 1482  
 Two of both kindes makes vp foure. 1483  
 Here she comes, curst and sad, 1484  
*Cupid* is a knauish lad, 1485  
*Enter Hermia.* 1486  
 Thus to make poore females mad. 1487  
*Her.* Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe, 1488  
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars. 1489

1439 I can no further crawle, no further goe :  
 1440 My legges can keepe no pafe with my defires.  
 1441 Here will I reft mee, till the breake of day :  
 1442 Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.  
 1494 1443 *Rob.* On the ground, sleepe found :  
 1444 Ile apply your eye, gentle loue, remedy.  
 1445 When thou wak'ft, thou tak'ft  
 1446 True delight, in the fight, of thy former ladies eye :  
 1447 And the country prouerbe knowne,  
 1448 That euery man should take his owne,  
 1449 In your waking shall be showen,  
 1450 *Iacke* shall haue *Iill* : nought shall goe ill :  
 1451 The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

1452 *Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne, and Faieries: and*  
 1453 *the king behinde them.*

1454 *Tita.* Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,  
 1455 While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,  
 1456 And sticke musk rofes in thy sleeke smooth head,  
 1457 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.  
 1458 *Clown.* Where's *Pease-blossome* ?  
 1459 *Pea.* Ready.  
 1460 *Clow.* Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Moun-  
 1461 sieur *Cobweb* ? *Cob.* Ready,

1516 1462 *Clo.* Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur, get you your  
 1463 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Bee,  
 1464 on the toppe of a thistle : and good Mounsieur, bring mee  
 1465 the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the

I can no further crawle, no further goe ;	1490
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.	1491
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,	1492
Heauens shield <i>Lyfander</i> , if they meane a fray.	1493
<i>Rob.</i> On the ground sleepe found,	1494
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.	1495
When thou wak'ft, thou tak'ft	1496
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,	1497
And the Country Prouerb knowne,	1498
That euery man should take his owne,	1499
In your waking shall be showane.	1500
<i>Iacke</i> shall haue <i>Ill</i> , nought shall goe ill,	1501
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee	1502
well.	1503
<i>They sleepe all the Act.</i>	1504

*Actus Quartus.*

<i>Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the</i>	1505
<i>King behinde them.</i>	1506
<i>Tita.</i> Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,	1507
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,	1508
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,	1509
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.	1510
<i>Clow.</i> Where's <i>Pease blossome</i> ?	1511
<i>Peaf.</i> Ready.	1512
<i>Clow.</i> Scratch my head, <i>Pease-blossome.</i> Wher's Moun-	1513
sieur <i>Cobweb.</i>	1514
<i>Cob.</i> Ready.	1515
<i>Clowne.</i> Mounsieur <i>Cobweb</i> , good Mounsieur get your	1516
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee,	1517
on the top of a thistle ; and good Mounsieur bring mee	1518
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the	1519

1466 action, Mounfieur : and good Mounfieur haue a care, the  
 1467 honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouer-  
 1468 flouen with a honibag *signior*. Where's Mounfieur *Maf-*  
 1469 *tardseede* ?

1470 *Must.* Readie.

1471 *Clo.* Giue me your neafe, Mounueur *Mustardseede*. Pray  
 1472 you, leaue your curtfie, good Mounfieur,

1473 *Must.* what's your will ?

1474 *Clo.* Nothing good Mounfieur, but to helpe Cauallery

1475 *Cobwebbe*, to scratch, I must to the Barbers, Mounfieur.

1476 For me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face. And I

1477 am such a tender Affe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I

1478 must scratch.

1479 *Tita.* What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete

1534 1480 loue ?

1481 *Clo.* I haue a reafonable good eare in musique. Lets

1482 haue the tongs, and the bones.

1483 *Tyta.* Or, fay sweete loue, what thou desireft to eate.

1484 *Clo.* Truly a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your

1485 good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a great desire to a bot-

1486 tle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

1487 *Ty.* I haue a venturous Fairy, that fhall feeke the Squirils

1488 And fetch thee newe nuts.

1489 *Clo.* I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dried peafe.

1490 But, I pray you : let none of your people stirre me : I haue an

1491 expofition of sleepe come vpon mee.

1492 *Tyta.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,

1493 Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.

1494 So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,

1495 Gently entwift : the female Iuy fo

1553 1496 Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

1497 O now I loue thee ! how I dote on thee !



action, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the  
 hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon ouer-  
 flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounfieur  
*Mustardseed*?

*Muf.* Ready.

*Clo.* Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur *Mustardseed*.

Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounfieur.

*Muf.* What's your will?

*Clo.* Nothing good Mounfieur, but to help *Cauallery*  
*Cobweb* to scratch. I muft to the Barbers Mounfieur, for  
 me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I  
 am fuch a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muft  
 scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou heare fome muficke, my fweet  
 loue.

*Clow.* I haue a reasonable good eare in muficke. Let  
 vs haue the tongs and the bones.

*Muficke Tongs, Rurall Muficke.*

*Tita.* Or fay fweete Loue, what thou defireft to eat.

*Clowne.* Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch  
 your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great defire  
 to a bottle of hay: good hay, fweete hay hath no fel-  
 low.

*Tita.* I haue a venturous Fairy,  
 That fhall feeke the Squirrels hoard,  
 And fetch thee new Nuts.

*Clown.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried  
 peafe. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I  
 haue an exposition of fleepe come vpon me.

*Tyta.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
 Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.  
 So doth the woodbine, the fweet Honifuckle,  
 Gently entwift; the female Iuy fo  
 Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.  
 O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

1498 *Enter Robin goodfellow.*

1499 *Ob.* Welcome good *Robin*. Seest thou this sweete fight

1500 Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.

1501 For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,

1502 Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,

1503 I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.

1504 For she his hairy temples then had rounded,

1505 With coronet offresh and fragrant flowers.

1506 And that same deawe which sometime on the buddes,

1507 Was wont to fwell, like round and orient pearles ;

1566 1508 Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,

1509 Like teares, that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

1510 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

1511 And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,

1512 I then did aske of her, her changeling childe :

1513 Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent

1514 To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.

1515 And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe

1516 This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.

1517 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,

1518 From of the heade of this *Athenian* swaine ;

1519 That hee, awaking when the other do,

1520 May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,

1521 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

1522 But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.

1523 But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

1524 Be, as thou wast wont to bee :

1525 See, as thou wast wont to see.

1526 *Dians* budde, or *Cupids* flower,

1585 1527 Hath such force, and blessed power.

1528 Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweete Queene.

1529 *Tita.* My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene !

1530 Me thought I was enamourd of an Affe,

1531 *Ob.* There lyes your loue.

<i>Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.</i>	1555
<i>Ob.</i> Welcome good <i>Robin</i> :	1556
Seeft thou this fweet fight ?	1557
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.	1558
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,	1559
Seeking fweet fauors for this hatefull foole,	1560
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.	1561
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,	1562
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.	1563
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,	1564
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles ;	1565
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,	1566
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.	1567
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,	1568
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,	1569
I then did aſke of her, her changeling childe,	1570
Which fraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent	1571
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.	1572
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe	1573
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.	1574
And gentle <i>Pucke</i> , take this transformed ſcalpe,	1575
From off the head of this <i>Athenian</i> ſwaine ;	1576
That he awaking when the other doe,	1577
May all to <i>Athens</i> backe againe repaire,	1578
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,	1579
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.	1580
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.	1581
<i>Be thou as thou waſt wont to be ;</i>	1582
<i>See as thou waſt wont to ſee .</i>	1583
<i>Dians bud, or Cupids flower,</i>	1584
<i>Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.</i>	1585
Now my <i>Titania</i> wake you my ſweet Queene.	1586
<i>Tita.</i> My <i>Oberon</i> , what viſions haue I ſeene !	1587
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Affe.	1588
<i>Ob.</i> There lies your loue.	1589

1532 *Tita.* How came these things to passe ?

1533 O, how mine eyes doe loath his vifage now !

1534 *Ob.* Silence a while. *Robin,* take off this head :

1535 *Titania,* musicke call, and strike more dead

1536 Then common sleepe : of all these, fine the sense.

1537 *Tr.* Musick, howe musick : such as charmeth sleepe. (peepe,

1538 *Rob.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes

1539 *Ob.* Sound Musick : come, my queen, take hands with me,

1540 And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

1541 Now, thou and I are new in amitie,

1542 And will to morrow midnight, solemnelly

1543 Daunce, in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,

1544 And blesse it to all faire prosperitie.

1545 There shall the paires of faithfull louers be

1546 Wedded, with *Theseus,* all in iollitie.

1547 *Rob.* Fairy King, attend, and marke :

1548 I do heare the morning Larke.

1609 1549 *Ob.* Then my Queene, in silence sad,

1550 Trippe we after nights shade :

1551 We, the Globe, can compasse soone,

1552 Swifter then the wandring Moone.

1553 *Tita.* Come my Lord, and in our flight,

1554 Tell me how it came this night,

1555 That I sleeping here was found,

1556 With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt.*

1557 *Enter Theseus and all his traine.* *VVinde horne,*

1558 *The.* Goe one of you, finde out the forrester :

1559 For now our obseruation is performde.

1560 And since we haue the vaward of the day,

1561 My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.

1562 Vncouple, in the westerne vallie, let them goe

1563 Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester,

<i>Tita.</i> How came these things to passe ?	1590
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now !	1591
<i>Ob.</i> Silence a while. <i>Robin</i> take off his head :	1592
<i>Titania</i> , mufick call, and strike more dead	1593
Then common sleepe ; of all these, fine the sense.	1594
<i>Tita.</i> Muficke, ho muficke, such as charmeth sleepe.	1595
<i>Mufick still.</i>	1596
<i>Rob.</i> When thou wak'ft, with thine owne fooles eies	1597
peepe.	(me 1598
<i>Ob.</i> Sound mufick; come my Queen, take hands with	1599
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.	1600
Now thou and I are new in amity,	1601
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly	1602
Dance in Duke <i>Thefeus</i> house triumphantly,	1603
And blesse it to all faire posterity.	1604
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be	1605
Wedded, with <i>Thefeus</i> , all in iollity.	1606
<i>Rob.</i> Faire King attend, and marke,	1607
I doe heare the morning Larke.	1608
<i>Ob.</i> Then my Queene in silence sad,	1609
Trip we after the nights shade ;	1610
We the Globe can compasse foone,	1611
Swifter then the wandring Moone.	1612
<i>Tita.</i> Come my Lord, and in our flight,	1613
Tell me how it came this night,	1614
That I sleeping heere was found,	1615
<i>Sleepers Lye still.</i>	1616
With these mortals on the ground.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1617
<i>Winde Hornes.</i>	1618
<i>Enter Thefeus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.</i>	1619
<i>Thef.</i> Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,	1620
For now our obseruation is perform'd ;	1621
And since we haue the vaward of the day,	1622
My Loue shall heare the muficke of my hounds.	1623
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe ;	1624
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.	1625

- 1564 Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,  
 1565 And marke the muficall confufion  
 1628 1566 Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.  
 1567 *Hip.* I was with *hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,  
 1568 When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,  
 1569 With hounds of *Sparta* : neuer did I heare  
 1570 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,  
 1571 The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare  
 1572 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard  
 1573 So muficall a difcord, fuch sweete thunder.  
 1574 *Thef.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde :  
 1575 So flew'd, fo fanded : and their heads are hung  
 1576 VVith eares, that fweepe away the morning dewe,  
 1577 Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theffalian* Bulls :  
 1578 Slowe in purfuit; but matcht in mouth like bells,  
 1579 Each vnder each. A cry more tunable  
 1580 Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,  
 1581 In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theffaly*.  
 1582 Iudge when you heare. But foft. What nymphes are thefe ?  
 1583 *Egeus.* My Lord, this my daughter heere a fleepe,  
 1584 And this *Lyfander*, this *Demetrius* is,  
 1647 1585 This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.  
 1586 I wonder of their being here together.  
 1587 *The.* No doubt, they rofe vp earely, to obferue  
 1588 The right of May : and hearing our intent,  
 1589 Came heere, in grace of our folemnitie.  
 1590 But fpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day;  
 1591 That *Hermia* fhould giue anfwer of her choyce ?  
 1592 *Egeus.* It is, my Lord. (hornes.  
 1593 *Thefe.* Goe, bid the huntfmen wake them with their  
  
 1594 *Shoute within : they all start vp. Winde hornes.*  
 1595 *The.* Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is pafte.  
 1596 Begin thefe woodbirds but to couple, now ?  
 1597 *Lyf.* Pardon, my Lord.

We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.	1626
And marke the musicall confusion	1627
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.	1628
<i>Hip.</i> I was with <i>Hercules</i> and <i>Cadmus</i> once,	1629
When in a wood of <i>Creete</i> they bayed the Beare	1630
With hounds of <i>Sparta</i> ; neuer did I heare	1631
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,	1632
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,	1633
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard	1634
So musicall a discord, fuch fweet thunder.	1635
<i>Thef.</i> My hounds are bred out of the <i>Spartan</i> kinde,	1636
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung	1637
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,	1638
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like <i>Theffalian</i> Bulls,	1639
Slow in purfuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,	1640
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable	1641
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,	1642
In <i>Creete</i> , in <i>Sparta</i> , nor in <i>Theffaly</i> ;	1643
Iudge when you heare. Bnt soft, what nimphs are thefe?	1644
<i>Egeus.</i> My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,	1645
And this <i>Lysander</i> , this <i>Demetrius</i> is,	1646
This <i>Helena</i> , olde <i>Nedars Helena</i> ,	1647
I wonder of this being heere together.	1648
<i>The.</i> No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue	1649
The right of May ; and hearing our intent,	1650
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.	1651
But speake <i>Egeus</i> , is not this the day	1652
That <i>Hermia</i> should giue answer of her choice ?	1653
<i>Egeus.</i> It is, my Lord.	1654
<i>Thef.</i> Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their	1655
hornes.	1656
<i>Hornes and they wake.</i>	1657
<i>Shout within, they all start vp.</i>	1658
<i>Thef.</i> Good morrow friends : Saint <i>Valentine</i> is past,	1659
Begin thefe wood birds but to couple now ?	1660
<i>Lyf.</i> Pardon my Lord.	1661

1598 *The.* I pray you all, stand vp.  
 1599 I know, you two are Riual enemies.  
 1600 How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,  
 1601 That hatred is so farre from iea loufie,  
 1666 1602 To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,  
 1603 *Lys.* My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,  
 1604 Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet. I sweare,  
 1605 I cannot truely say how I came hcre.  
 1606 But as I thinke (for truely would I speake)  
 1607 And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is ;  
 1608 I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent  
 1609 Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might  
 1610 Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,  
 1611 *Ege.* Enough, enough my Lord : you haue enough.  
 1612 I begge the law, the law, vpon his head :  
 1613 They would haue stolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,  
 1614 Thereby to haue defeated you and me :  
 1615 You of your wife, and mee, of my consent :  
 1616 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.  
 1681 1617 *Deme.* My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,  
 1618 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,  
 1619 And I in fury hither followed them ;  
 1620 Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.  
 1621 But my good Lord, I wote not by what power  
 1622 (But by some power it is) my loue,  
 1623 To *Hermia* (melted as the snowe)  
 1624 Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,  
 1625 Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon :  
 1626 And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,  
 1627 The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,  
 1628 Is onely *helena*. To her, my Lord,  
 1629 Was I betrothed, ere I see *Hermia* :  
 1630 But, like a sickneffe, did I loath this foode.  
 1631 But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,  
 1632 Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it,  
 1633 And will for euermore be true to it.



<i>Thef.</i> I pray you all stand vp.	1662
I know you two are Riually enemies.	1663
How comes this gentle concord in the world,	1664
That hatred is so farre from ieaousie,	1665
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.	1666
<i>Lyf.</i> My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,	1667
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,	1668
I cannot truly say how I came heere.	1669
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)	1670
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is ;	1671
I came with <i>Hermia</i> hither. Our intent	1672
Was to be gone from <i>Athens</i> , where we might be	1673
Without the perill of the <i>Athenian</i> Law.	1674
<i>Ege.</i> Enough, enough, my Lord : you haue enough ;	1675
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head :	1676
They would haue stolne away, they would <i>Demetrius</i> ,	1677
Thereby to haue defeated you and me :	1678
You of your wife, and me of my consent ;	1679
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.	1680
<i>Dem.</i> My Lord, faire <i>Helen</i> told me of their stealth,	1681
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,	1682
And I in furie hither followed them ;	1683
Faire <i>Helena</i> , in fancy followed me.	1684
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,	1685
(But by some power it is) my loue	1686
To <i>Hermia</i> (melted as the snow)	1687
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,	1688
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon :	1689
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,	1690
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,	1691
Is onely <i>Helena</i> . To her, my Lord,	1692
Was I betroth'd, ere I see <i>Hermia</i> ,	1693
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,	1694
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,	1695
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,	1696
And will for euermore be true to it.	1697

- 1634 *The.* Faire louers, you are fortunately met,  
 1699 1635 Of this discourfe, we more will here anon.  
 1636 *Egeus,* I will ouerbear your will :  
 1637 For in the Temple, by and by, withvs,  
 1638 Thefe couples shall eternally be knit.  
 1639 And, for the morning now is fomthing worne,  
 1640 Our purpof'd hunting shall be fet afide.  
 1641 Away, with vs, to *Athens.* Three and three,  
 1642 Weele holde a feaft, in great folemnitie. Come *Hyppolita.*
- 1643 *Deme.* Thefe things feeme fmall and vndiftinguifhable,  
 1644 Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.  
 1710 1645 *Her.* Me thinks I fee thefe things, with parted eye,  
 1646 When euery thing feemes double.  
 1647 *Hel.* So mee thinkes :  
 1648 And I haue fonnd *Demetrius,* like a iewell,  
 1649 Mine owne, and not mine owne.  
 1650 *Dem.* Are you fure  
 1651 That we are awake? It feemes to me,  
 1652 That yet we fleepe, we dreame Do not you thinke,  
 1653 The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him ?  
 1654 *Her.* Yea, and my father.  
 1655 *Hel.* And *Hyppolita.*  
 1656 *Lys.* And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.  
 1657 *Dem.* Why then, we are awake : lets follow him, and by  
 1658 the way lets recount our dreames.
- 1724 1659 *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anfwere.  
 1660 My next is, moft faire *Pyramus,* Hey ho. *Peeter Quince ?*  
 1661 *Flute,* the bellowes menders *Snout* the tinker ? *Starueling ?*  
 1662 Gods my life ! Stolne hence, and left mee a fleepe ? I haue  
 1663 had a moft rare vifion. I haue had a dreame, paff the wit  
 1664 of man, to fay ; what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe, if  
 1665 hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was,  
 1666 there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me  
 1667 thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will

- Thef.* Faire Louers, you are fortunately met ; 1698  
 Of this discourse we shall heare more anon. 1699  
*Egeus,* I will ouer-bear your will ; 1700  
 For in the Temple, by and by with vs, 1701  
 These couples shall eternally be knit. 1702  
 And for the morning now is something worne, 1703  
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be fet aside. 1704  
 Away, with vs to *Athens* ; three and three, 1705  
 Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie. 1706  
 Come *Hippolitæ.* *Exit Duke and Lords.* 1707  
*Dem.* These things seeme small & vndistinguifhable, 1708  
 Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds. 1709  
*Her.* Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye, 1710  
 When euery things seemes double. 1711  
*Hel.* So me-thinkes : 1712  
 And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell, 1713  
 Mine owne, and not mine owne. 1714  
*Dem.* It seemes to mee, 1715  
  
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke, 1716  
 The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him ? 1717  
*Her.* Yea, and my Father. 1718  
*Hel.* And *Hippolitæ.* 1719  
*Lys.* And he bid vs follow to the Temple. 1720  
*Dem.* Why then we are awake ; lets follow him, and 1721  
 by the way let vs recount our dreames. 1722  
*Bottom* wakes. *Exit Louers.* 1723  
*Clo.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. 1724  
 My next is, most faire *Piramus.* Hey ho. *Peter Quince* ? 1725  
*Flute* the bellows-mender ? *Snout* the tinker ? *Starueling* ? 1726  
 Gods my life ! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe : I 1727  
 haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit 1728  
 of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe, 1729  
 if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I 1730  
 was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, 1731  
 and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, 1732

1668 offer to fay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man  
 1669 hath not heard, the eare of man hath not. seene, mans  
 1670 hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his  
 1671 hearte to report, what my dreame was, I will get *Pe-*  
 1672 *ter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be  
 1673 call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; because it hath no bottome: and  
 1674 I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke.  
 1675 Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing  
 1676 it at her death.

1742 1677 *Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble.*

1678 *Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come  
 1679 home, yet?

1680 *Flut.* Hee cannot be heard of, Out of doubt he is transf-  
 1681 ported.

1682 *Thyf.* If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes  
 1683 not forward. Doth it?

1684 *Quin.* It is not possible. You haue not a man, in all *A-*  
 1685 *thens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

1686 *Thyf.* No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-  
 1687 craft man, in *Athens*.

1688 *Quin.* Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very  
 1689 Paramour, for a sweete voice.

1690 *Thif.* You must fay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God  
 1691 bleffe vs) a thing of nought,

1692 *Enter Snug, the Ioyner.*

1693 *Snug.* Masters, the Duke is coming from the Tem-  
 1694 ple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more  
 1695 married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all  
 1696 beene made men.

1697 *Thyf.* O sweete bully *Bottom*. thus hath hee lost six  
 1698 pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped  
 1699 fixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him six  
 1700 pence a day, for playing *Pyramus* Ile be hanged.

if he will offer to fay, what me-thought I had. The eye of  
 man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feen, mans  
 hand is not able to tafte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his  
 heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter*  
*Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it fhall be called  
*Bottomes Dreame*, becaufe it hath no bottome; and I will  
 fing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-  
 adventure, to make it the more gracious, I fhall fing it  
 at her death. *Exit.*

*Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.*

*Quin.* Haue you fent to *Bottomes* houfe? Is he come  
 home yet?

*Staru.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is  
 transported.

*This.* If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes  
 not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not poffible: you haue not a man in all  
*Athens*, able to difcharge *Piramus* but he.

*This.* No, hee hath fimply the beft wit of any handy-  
 craft man in *Athens*.

*Quin.* Yea, and the beft perfon too, and hee is a very  
 Paramour, for a fweet voyce.

*This.* You muft fay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God  
 bleffe vs) a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug the Ioyner.*

*Snug.* Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-  
 ple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more mar-  
 ried: If our fport had gone forward, we had all bin made  
 men.

*This.* O fweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath hee loft fixe-  
 pence a day, during his life; hee could not haue fcaped fix-  
 pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him fixpence  
 a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue

1766 1701 He would haue deferued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,  
 1702 or nothing.

1703

*Enter Bottom.*

1704 *Bot.* Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

1705 *Quin, Bottom,* ô most courageous day! O most happy  
 1706 houre:

1707 *Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me  
 1708 not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian*. I will  
 1709 tell you every thing right as it fell out.

1710 *Quin.* Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom*.

1775 1711 *Bot.* Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that  
 1712 the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good  
 1713 frings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes,  
 1714 meete presently at the palace, every man looke ore his part.  
 1715 For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any  
 1716 case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that  
 1717 plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out  
 1718 for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no O-  
 1719 nions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and  
 1720 I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy.  
 1721 No more wordes. Away, go away.

1722 *Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, and Philostrate.*

1723 *Hip.* Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

1724 *The.* More straunge then true. I neuer may beleuee

1725 These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

1726 Louers, and mad men haue such feething braines,

1727 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more,

1728 Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunaticke,

deferued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing. 1766

*Enter Bottome.* 1767

*Bot.* Where are these Lads ? Where are these hearts ? 1768

*Quin.* *Bottome*, ô most couragious day ! O most hap- 1769  
pie houre ! 1770

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourfe wonders ; but ask me 1771  
not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I 1772  
will tell you eury thing as it fell out. 1773

*Qu.* Let vs heare, sweet *Bottome*. 1774

*Bot.* Not a word of me : all that I will tell you, is, that 1775  
the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good 1776  
frings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, 1777  
meete presently at the Palace, eury man looke ore his 1778  
part : for the short and the long is, our play is preferred : 1779  
In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen : and let not him 1780  
that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang 1781  
out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate 1782  
no Onions, nor Garlicke ; for wee are to vtter sweete 1783  
breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a 1784  
sweet Comedy. No more words : away, go away. 1785

*Exeunt.* 1786

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.* 1787

*Hip.* 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, y<sup>t</sup> these louers speake of. 1788

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may beleeu 1789  
These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, 1790  
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, 1791  
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more 1792  
Then coole reason euer comprehends. 1793

1794 1729 The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.

1730 One fees more diuels, then vaft hell can holde :  
 1731 That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,  
 1732 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt*.  
 1733 The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance  
 1734 From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as  
 1735 Imagination bodies forth the formes of things  
 1736 Vnknowne : the Poets penne turnes them to shapes,  
 1737 And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,  
 1738 And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,  
 1739 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
 1740 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
 1741 Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
 1742 How easie is a bufh suppos'd a Beare ?  
 1743 *Hyf.* But, all the story of the night told ouer,  
 1744 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 1745 More witneffeth than fancies images,  
 1746 And growes to something of great constancy :  
 1747 But howfoeuer, strange and admirable.

1748 *Enter Louers ; Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and*  
 1815 1749 *Helena.*

1750 *The.* here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.  
 1751 Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies  
 1752 Of loue accompany your hearts.  
 1753 *Lyf.* More then tovs, waite in your royall walks, your  
 1754 boorde, your bedde. (haue,  
 1755 *The.* Come now : what maskes, what daunces shall wee

1756 To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene  
 1757 Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is our vsuall manager

1758 Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,  
 1759 To ease the anguifh of a torturing hower? Call *Philoftrate*.



The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, 1794  
 Are of imagination all compact. 1795  
 One fees more diuels then vaste hell can hold ; 1796  
 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, 1797  
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*. 1798  
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance 1799  
 From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. 1800  
 And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things 1801  
 Vnknowne ; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes, 1802  
 And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation, 1803  
 And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, 1804  
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy, 1805  
 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy. 1806  
 Or in the night, imagining some feare, 1807  
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare ? 1808  
*Hip.* But all the storie of the night told ouer, 1809  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 1810  
 More witneffeth than fancies images, 1811  
 And growes to something of great constancie; 1812  
 But howfoeuer, frange, and admirable. 1813

*Enter louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,* 1814  
*and Helena.* 1815

*The.* Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth : 1816  
 Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes 1817  
 Of loue accompany your hearts. 1818

*Lys.* More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, 1819  
 your boord, your bed. 1820

*The.* Come now, what maskes, what dances shall 1821  
 we haue, 1822  
 To weare away this long age of three houres, 1823  
 Between our after supper, and bed-time ? 1824  
 Where is our vsuall manager of mirth ? 1825  
 What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play, 1826  
 To ease the anguish of a torturing houre ? 1827  
 Call *Egeus*. 1828

- 1760 *Philostrate*. Here mighty *Theseus*.  
 1761 *The*. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?
- 1762 What maske, what muficke? now shall we beguile  
 1763 The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?
- 1764 *Philofl*. There is a brieft, how many sports are ripe.  
 1765 Make choyce, of which your highnesse will see first.  
 1766 *The*. The battell with the *centaures* to be sung,  
 1767 By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the harpe ?  
 1768 Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my loue,  
 1769 In glory of my kinfman *Hercules*.
- 1840 1770 The ryot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,  
 1771 Tearing the *thracian* finger, in their rage ?  
 1772 That is an olde deuife : and it was plaid,  
 1773 When I from *Thebes* came laft a conquerer.  
 1774 The thrife three Mufes, mourning for the death  
 1775 Of learning, late deceaft, in beggery ?  
 1776 That is fome *Satire* keene and criticall,  
 1777 Not fortng with a nuptiall ceremony.  
 1778 A tedious brieft Scene of young *Pyramus*  
 1779 And his loue *Thify*; very tragicall mirth ?  
 1780 Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and brieft? That is hot Iſe,  
 1781 And wodrous frange ſnow. How ſhall we find the cōcord  
 1782 Of this difcord ?
- 1853 1783 *Philofl*. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;  
 1784 Which is as brieft, as I haue knowne a play :  
 1785 But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long :  
 1786 Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,  
 1787 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
 1788 And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,  
 1789 Therein, doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw  
 1790 Reheart, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water ;  
 1791 But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter  
 1792 Neuer ſhed.
- 1793 *Theſe*. What are they, that doe play it ?  
 1794 *Phil*. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,

- Ege.* Heere mighty *Thefeus*. 1829
- The.* Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue- 1830  
ning? 1831
- What maske? What muficke? How fhall we beguile 1832  
The lazie time, if not with fome delight? 1833
- Ege.* There is a breefe how many fports are rife: 1834  
Make choife of which your Highneffe will fee firft. 1835
- Lif.* The battell with the Centaurs to be fung 1836  
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe. 1837
- The.* Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue 1838  
In glory of my kinfman Hercules. 1839
- Lif.* The riot of the tipfie Bachanals, 1840  
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage? 1841
- The.* That is an old deuice, and it was plaid 1842  
When I from *Thebes* came laft a Conqueror. 1843
- Lif.* The thrice three Mufes, mourning for the death 1844  
of learning, late deceaft in beggerie. 1845
- The.* That is fome Satire keene and critically, 1846  
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremonie. 1847
- Lif.* A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*, 1848  
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth. 1849
- The.* Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That 1850  
is, hot ice, and wondrous ftrange fnow. How fhall wee 1851  
finde the concord of this difcord? 1852
- Ege.* A play there is, my Lord, fome ten words long, 1853  
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play; 1854  
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; 1855  
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, 1856  
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. 1857  
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus* 1858  
Therein doth kill himfelfe. Which when I faw 1859  
Rehearft, I muft confefse, made mine eyes water: 1860  
But more merrie teares, the paffion of loud laughter 1861  
Neuer fhed. 1862
- Thef.* What are they that do play it? 1863
- Ege.* Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, 1864

- 1795 Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now :  
 1796 And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,  
 1797 With this fame Play, against your nuptiall.  
 1798 *The.* And wee will heare it.  
 1869 1799 *Phi.* No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard  
 1800 It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ;  
 1801 Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,  
 1802 Extreameley stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,  
 1803 To do you seruice.  
 1804 *The.* I will heare that play. For neuer any thing  
 1805 Can be amiffe, when simpleness and duety tender it.  
 1806 Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.  
 1807 *Hip.* I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged ;  
 1808 And duety, in his seruice, perishing.  
 1809 *The.* Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.  
 1810 *Hip.* He sayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.  
 1811 *The.* The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.  
 1812 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.  
 1813 And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect  
 1814 Takes it in might, not merit.  
 1815 Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed  
 1816 To greete me, with premeditated welcomes ;  
 1817 Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,  
 1888 1818 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 1819 Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,  
 1820 And in conclusion dumbly haue broke off,  
 1821 Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,  
 1822 Out of this silence, yet, I pickt a welcome :  
 1823 And in the modesty of fearefull duty,  
 1824 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 1825 Of faucy and audacious eloquence.  
 1826 Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,  
 1827 In least, speake most, to my capacity.  
 1828 *Philost.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest,  
 1829 *Duk.* Let him approach.

Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now ;	1865
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories	1866
With this fame play, against your nuptiall.	1867
<i>The.</i> And we will heare it.	1868
<i>Phi.</i> No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard	1869
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ;	1870
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,	1871
Extreamely stretch, and cond with cruell paine,	1872
To doe you seruice.	1873
<i>Thef.</i> I will heare that play. For neuer any thing	1874
Can be amisse, when simpleneffe and duty tender it.	1875
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.	1876
<i>Hip.</i> I loue not to see wretchedneffe orecharged ;	1877
And duty in his seruice perishing.	1878
<i>Thef.</i> Why gentle fweet, you shall see no such thing.	1879
<i>Hip.</i> He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.	1880
<i>Thef.</i> The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing	1881
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ;	1882
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect	1883
Takes it in might, not merit.	1884
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed	1885
To greete me with premeditated welcomes ;	1886
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,	1887
Make periods in the midst of sentences,	1888
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,	1889
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,	1890
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me fweete,	1891
Out of this filence yet, I pickt a welcome :	1892
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,	1893
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue	1894
Of faucy and audacious eloquence.	1895
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicitie,	1896
In least, speake most, to my capacity.	1897
<i>Egeus.</i> So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest.	1898
<i>Duke.</i> Let him approach.	<i>Flor. Trum.</i> 1899

1830 *Enter the Prologue.*

- 1831 *Pro.* If wee offend, it is with our good will.  
 1832 That you should thinke, we come not to offend,  
 1833 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,  
 1834 That is the true beginning of our end.  
 1835 Consider then, we come but in despight.  
 1836 We doe not come, as minding to content you,  
 1837 Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
 1838 Wee are not here. That you should here repent you,  
 1839 The Actors are at hand : and, by their shewe,  
 1910 1840 You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,  
 1841 *The.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points.  
 1842 *Lys.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte : hee  
 1843 knowes not the stoppe. A good morall my I ord. It is not  
 1844 enough to speake ; but to speake true.  
 1845 *Hyp.* Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child  
 1846 on a Recorder, a found ; but not in gouernement.  
 1847 *The.* His speach was like a tangled Chaine ; nothing im-  
 1848 paired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

1849 *Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, and Wall, ana Moone-*  
 1850 *shine, and Lyon.*

- 1921 1851 *Prologue.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this shew  
 1852 But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.  
 1853 This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe :  
 1854 This beautiful Lady *Thisby* is certaine.  
 1855 This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present  
 1856 Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder :  
 1857 And through wals chinke, poore foules, they are content  
 1858 To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.  
 1859 This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,  
 1860 Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,  
 1861 By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne  
 1862 To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe :  
 1933 1863 This grizly beaft (which Lyon hight by name)

*Enter the Prologue. Quince.* 1900

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will. 1901

That you should thinke, we come not to offend, 1902

But with good will. To shew our simple skill, 1903

That is the true beginning of our end. 1904

Consider then, we come but in despight. 1905

We do not come, as minding to content you, 1906

Our true intent is. All for your delight, 1907

We are not heere. That you should here repent you, 1908

The Actors are at hand ; and by their show, 1909

You shall know all, that you are like to know. 1910

*Thef.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points. 1911

*Lyf.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he 1912

knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not 1913

enough to speake, but to speake true. 1914

*Hip.* Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a 1915

childe on a Recorder, a found, but not in gouernment. 1916

*Thef.* His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing 1917

impaired, but all disorderd. Who is next ? 1918

*Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.* 1919

*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.* 1920

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, 1921

But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. 1922

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ; 1923

This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine. 1924

This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present 1925

Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder : 1926

And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content 1927

To whifper. At the which, let no man wonder. 1928

This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne, 1929

Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know, 1930

By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne 1931

To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe : 1932

This grizy beast (which Lyon hight by name) 1933

1864 The trusty *Thysby*, comming first by night,  
 1865 Did fcarre away, or rather did affright :  
 1866 And as she fled, her mantle she did fall :  
 1867 Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine.  
 1868 Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweete youth, and tall,  
 1869 And findes his trusty *Thisbyes* mantle flaine :  
 1870 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,  
 1871 he brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaft.  
 1872 And *Thisby*, tarying in Mulberry shade,  
 1873 his dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,  
 1874 Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,  
 1945 1875 At large difcourse, while here they doe remaine,

1876 *The.* I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

1877 *Demet.* No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when  
 1878 many Affes doe.

1879 *Exit* Lyon, *Thysby*, and *Moone-shine*.

1880 *Wall.* In this fame enterlude it doth befall,

1881 That I, one *Flute* (by name) present a wall :

1882 And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke

1883 That had in it a cranied hole or chinke :

1884 Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,

1885 Did whifper often, very secretly.

1886 This lome, this roughcast, and this stone doth showe,

1887 That I am that fame wall : the truth is so.

1888 And this the cranie is, right and finifer,

1889 Through which the fearefull louers are to whifper.

1890 *The.* Would you desire lime and haire to speake better ?

1891 *Deme.* It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard dif-

1892 course, my Lord.

1965 1893 *The.* *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall:filence.

1894 *Py.* O grim lookt night, o night, with hue so blacke,

1895 O night, which euer art, when day is not :

1896 O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,



The trusty <i>Thisby</i> , comming first by night,	1934
Did scarre away, or rather did affright :	1935
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;	1936
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.	1937
Anon comes <i>Piramus</i> , sweet youth and tall,	1938
And findes his <i>Thisbies</i> Mantle flaine ;	1939
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,	1940
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breast,	1941
And <i>Thisby</i> , tarrying in Mulberry shade,	1942
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,	1943
Let <i>Lyon</i> , <i>Moone-shine</i> , <i>Wall</i> , and Louers twaine,	1944
At large dif course, whil e here they doe remaine.	1945
<i>Exit all but Wall.</i>	1946
<i>Thef.</i> I wonder if the Lion be to speake.	1947
<i>Deme.</i> No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when	1948
many Affes doe.	1949
<i>Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.</i>	1950
<i>Wall.</i> In this same Interlude, it doth befall,	1951
That I, one <i>Snowt</i> (by name) present a wall :	1952
And such a wall, as I vvould haue you thinke,	1953
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke :	1954
Through which the Louers, <i>Piramus</i> and <i>Thisbie</i>	1955
Did whisper often, very secretly.	1956
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,	1957
That I am that same Wall ; the truth is so.	1958
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,	1959
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.	1960
<i>Thef.</i> Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake	1961
better ?	1962
<i>Deme.</i> It is the vvittiest partition, that euer I heard	1963
difcourse, my Lord.	1964
<i>Thef.</i> <i>Pyramus</i> drawes neere the Wall, silence.	1965
<i>Enter Pyramus.</i>	1966
<i>Pir.</i> O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,	1967
O night, which euer art, when day is not :	1968
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,	1969

- 1897 I feare my *Thisbyes* promise is forgot.  
 1898 And thou ô wall, ô fweete, ô louely wall,  
 1899 That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine,  
 1900 Thou wall, ô wall, O fweete and louely wall,  
 1901 Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,  
 1902 Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* shield thee well, for this.  
 1903 But what see I ? No *Thisby* doe I see.  
 1904 O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse,  
 1905 Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee.  
 1906 *The*. The wall mee thinkes, being sensible, should curst  
 1907 againe.  
 1981 1908 *Pyr* No, in truth Sir, he should not. *Deceiuing mee* is  
 1909 *Thisbyes* cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy  
 1910 Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall

- 1911 Pat as I told you : yonder she comes. *Enter Thisby*  
 1912 *Thisf*. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,  
 1913 For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.  
 1914 My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones ;  
 1915 Thy stones, with lime and hayire knit now againe.  
 1916 *Pyra*. I see a voice : now will I to the chinke,  
 1917 To spy and I can heare my *Thisbyes* face. *Thisby* ?  
 1918 *Thisf*. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.  
 1919 *Pyr*. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace :  
 1920 And, like *Limander*, am I trusty still.  
 1921 *Thisf*. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.  
 1922 *Pyra*. Not *Shafalus*, to *procrus*, was so true.  
 1923 *Thisf*. As *Shafalus* to *procrus*, I to you.  
 1998 1924 *Pyr*. O kisse mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.  
 1925 *Thisf*. I kisse the walles hole ; not your lips at all.  
 1926 *Pyr*. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me straight way ?  
 1927 *Thisf*. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.  
 1928 *Wal*. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part discharged fo ;  
 1929 And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

I feare my <i>Thisbies</i> promise is forgot.	1970
And thou ô vvall, thou sweet and louely vvall,	1971
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,	1972
Thou vvall, ô vvall, ô sweet and louely vvall,	1973
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.	1974
Thankes courteous vvall. <i>Ioue</i> shield thee vvell for this.	1975
But vvhat fee I? No <i>Thisbie</i> doe I fee.	1976
O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I fee no bliffe,	1977
Curft be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.	1978
<i>Thes.</i> The vvall me-thinkes being fenfible, should	1979
curse againe.	1980
<i>Pir.</i> No in truth fir, he should not. <i>Deceiuing me,</i>	1981
Is <i>Thisbies</i> cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy	1982
Her through the vvall. You shall fee it vvill fall.	1983

*Enter Thisbie.* 1984

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. 1985

*This.* O vvall, full often haft thou heard my mones, 1986

For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me. 1987

My cherry lips haue often kift thy stones;

Thy stones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee. 1989

*Pyra.* I fee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke, 1990

To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?* 1991

*This.* My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke. 1992

*Pir.* Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace, 1993

And like *Limander* am I trusty still. 1994

*This.* And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill. 1995

*Pir.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true. 1996

*This.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you. 1997

*Pir.* O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall. 1998

*This.* I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all. 1999

*Pir.* Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight  
way? 2000  
2001

*This.* Tide life, tide death, I come without delay. 2002

*Wall.* Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged fo;  
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.* 2004

1930 *Duk.* Now is the Moon vfed between the two neighbors.

1931 *Deme.* No remedy, my Lord, when wals are fo wilfull, to  
1932 heare without warning.

1933 *Dutch.* This is the fillieft stuffe, that euer I heard.

1934 *Duke.* The best, in this kinde, are but shadowes: and  
1935 the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

1936 *Dutch.* It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

1937 *Duke.* If we imagine no worse of them, then they of thē-  
1938 felues, they may paffe for excellent men. Here come two  
1939 noble beafts, in a man and a Lyon.

1940 *Enter Lyon, and Moone-shine.*

1941 *Lyon.* You Ladies, you(whose gentle hearts do feare)

1942 The smallest monstros moufe, that creepes on floore)

1943 May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

1944 When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.

2021 1945 Then know that I, as *Snug* the Ioyneram

1946 A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,

1947 For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife,

1948 Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

1949 *Duk.* A very gentle beaft, and of a good conscience.

1950 *Deme.* The very best at a beaft, my Lord, that ere I saw.

1951 *Lys.* This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

1952 *Duk.* True: and a goofe for his discretion.

1953 *De.* Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his dis-  
1954 cretion: and the fox carries the goofe.

1955 *Duk.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour.

1956 For the goofe carries not the fox. It is well: leaue it to his

1957 discretion, and let vs listen to the Moone.

1958 *Moone.* This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.

1959 *Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes, on nis head.

1960 *Duk.* He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, with-  
1961 in the circumference.

*Du.* Now is the morall downe betweene the two  
Neighbors. 2005  
2006

*Dem.* No remedie my Lord, when Wals are fo wil-  
full, to heare without vvarning. 2007  
2008

*Dut.* This is the fillieft stuffe that ere I heard. 2009

*Du.* The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the  
worft are no worfe, if imagination amend them. 2010  
2011

*Dut.* It must be your imagination then, & not theirs. 2012

*Duk.* If wee imagine no worfe of them then they of  
themselues, they may paffe for excellent men. Here com  
two noble beafts, in a man and a Lion. 2013  
2014  
2015

*Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.* 2016

*Lyon.* You Ladies, you ( whose gentle harts do feare  
The smallest monstros mouse that creepes on floore )  
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,  
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.  
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am  
A Lion fell, nor elle no Lions dam :  
For if I should as Lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

*Du.* A verie gentle beaft, and of a good confcience. 2025

*Dem.* The verie best at a beaft, my Lord, y<sup>t</sup> ere I faw. 2026

*Lif.* This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor. 2027

*Du.* True, and a Goofe for his difcretion. 2028

*Dem.* Not so my Lord : for his valor cannot carrie  
his difcretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe. 2029  
2030

*Du.* His difcretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor :  
for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well ; leaue it to  
his difcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone. 2031  
2032  
2033

*Moon.* This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-  
fent. 2034  
2035

*De.* He should haue worne the hornes on his head. 2036

*Du.* Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuifible,  
within the circumference. 2037  
2038

2039 1962 *Moone*, This lanthorne doth the horned moone present,  
 1963 My felfe, the man ith Moone, doe feeme to be.  
 1964 *Duke*. This is the greatestt errour of all the rest ; the man  
 1965 should be put into the lanthorne. How is it else the man ith  
 1966 Moone ?

1967 *Deme*. He dares not come there, for the candle . For,  
 1968 you see, it is already in snuffe. (change.

1969 *Dutch*, I am awearie of this Moone. Would hee woulde

1970 *Duke*. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that  
 1971 hee is in the wane : but yet in curtesie, in all reason, wee  
 1972 must stay the time.

1973 *Lysan*. Proceede, Moone.

1974 *Moon*, All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lan-  
 1975 thorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush  
 1976 my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.

1977 *Deme*. Why ? All these should be in the lanthorne : for all  
 1978 these are in the Moone. But silence : here comes *Thifby*.

1979 *Enter Thifby*.

1980 *Th*. This is ould *Ninies* tumb. Where is my loue ? *Lyon*. Oh.

2061 1981 *Dem*. Well roard, *Lyon*.

1982 *Duke*. Well runne, *Thifby*.

1983 *Dutchesse*. Well shone *Moone*. truly, the Moone shines,  
 1984 with a good grace.

1985 *Duk*. Well mouz'd, *Lyon*.

1986 *Dem*. And then came *Pyramus*.

1987 *Lys*. And fo the *Lyon* vanisht.

1988 *Enter Pyramus*.

2069 1989 *Pyr* Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy funny beams.  
 1990 I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright.

1991 For by thy gracious golden, glittering beames,

1992 I trust to take of truest *Thifby* fight.

*Moon.* This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre- 2039  
sent : My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be. 2040

*Du.* This is the greateft error of all the rest ; the man 2041  
shoud be put into the Lanthorne.How is it els the man 2042  
i'th Moone ? 2043

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle. 2044  
For you see, it is already in fnuffe. 2045

*Dut.* I am vvearie of this Moone ; vvould he vvould 2046  
change. 2047

*Du.* It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that 2048  
he is in the wane : but yet in courtesie, in all reafon, vve 2049  
muff stay the time. 2050

*Lyf.* Proceed Moone. 2051

*Moon.* All that I haue to fay, is to tell you, that the 2052  
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone ; this 2053  
thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog. 2054

*Dem.* Why all these shoud be in the Lanthorne: for 2055  
they are in the Moone.But silence, heere comes *Thisby*. 2056

*Enter Thisby.* 2057

*Thisby.* This is old *Ninnies* tombe : where is my loue ? 2058

*Lyon.* Oh. 2059

*The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.* 2060

*Dem.* Well roar'd Lion. 2061

*Du.* Well run *Thisby*. 2062

*Dut.* Well shone Moone. 2063

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace. 2064

*Du.* Wel mouz'd Lion. 2065

*Dem.* And then came *Piramus*. 2066

*Lyf.* And so the Lion vanisht. 2067

*Enter Piramus.* 2068

*Pyr.* Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, 2069

I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright : 2070

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, 2071

I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* fight. 2072

- 1993 But flay : ô fpight! but marke, poore knight,  
 1994 What dreadfull dole is here ?  
 1995 Eyes do you fee ! How can it bee !  
 1996 O dainty duck, o deare !  
 1997 Thy mantle good, what, ftaind with blood ?  
 1998 Approach ye Furies fell,  
 1999 O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,  
 2000 Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.  
 2001 *Duke.* This paſſion, & the death of a deare friend would  
 2002 goe neere to make a man looke ſad.  
 2003 *Dutch.* Beſhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.  
 2004 *Pyr.* O, wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame ?  
 2005 Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.  
 2006 Which is, no, no : which was the faireſt dame  
 2007 That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.  
 2008 Come teares, confound, out ſword, and wound  
 2009 The pappe of *Pyramus* :  
 2010 I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.  
 2011 Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.  
 2012 Now am I dead, now am I fled, my foule is in the ſky.  
 2013 Tongue looſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,  
 2014 Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.  
 2005 2015 *Dem.* No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.  
 2016 *Lyf.* Leſſe then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.  
  
 2017 *Duke.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-  
 2018 uer, and yet prooue an affe.  
 2019 *Dut.* How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before ? *thisby*  
 2020 comes backe, and findes her louer,  
  
 2021 *Duk.* Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee  
 2022 comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.  
 2023 *Dut,* Me thinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch  
 2024 a *Pyramus* : I hope, ſhe will be briefe.



But stay : O spight ! but marke, poore Knight,	2073
What dreadful dole is heere ?	2074
Eyes do you see ! How can it be !	2075
O dainty Ducke : O Deere !	2076
Thy mantle good ; what staine with blood !	2077
Approch you Furies fell :	2078
O Fates ! come, come : Cut thred and thrum,	2079
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.	2080
<i>Du.</i> This passion, and the death of a deare friend,	2081
Would go neere to make a man looke fad.	2082
<i>Dut.</i> Befhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.	2083
<i>Pir.</i> O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame ?	2084
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere :	2085
Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame	2086
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.	2087
Come teares, confound : Out sword, and wound	2088
The pap of <i>Piramus</i> :	2089
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;	2090
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.	2091
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my foule is in the sky,	2092
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,	2093
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.	2094
<i>Dem.</i> No Die, but an ace for him ; for he is but one.	2095
<i>Lif.</i> Lasse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no- thing.	2096 2097
<i>Du.</i> With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco- uer, and proue an Ass.	2098 2099
<i>Dut.</i> How chance Moone-shine is gone before ?	2100
<i>Thisby</i> comes backe, and findes her Louer.	2101
 <i>Enter Thisby.</i>	 2102
 <i>Duke.</i> She wil finde him by starre-light.	 2103
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.	2104
<i>Dut.</i> Me thinkes thee should not vse a long one for uch a <i>Piramus</i> : I hope she will be breefe.	2105 2106

- 2025 *Demet.* A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*,  
 2026 which *Thisby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs:  
 2027 she, for a woman; God bleffe vs.  
 2028 *Lys.* She hath spied him already, with those fweete eyes.  
 2029 *Deme.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet*;  
 2111 2030 *This.* A sleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?  
 2031 O *Pyramus*, arise,  
 2032 Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumber  
 2033 Must couer thy fweete eyes.  
 2034 These lilly lippes, this cherry nose,  
 2035 These yellow cowflippe cheekes  
 2036 Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:  
 2037 His eyes were greene, as leekes.  
 2038 O sisters three, come, come, to mee,  
 2039 With hands as pale as milke,  
 2040 Lay them in gore, since you haue shore  
 2041 With sheeres, his threede of filke.  
 2042 tongue, not a word: come trusty sword,  
 2043 Come blade, my breast imbrow:  
 2044 And farewell friends: thus *Thisby* ends:  
 2045 adieu, adieu, adieu.  
 2127 2046 *Duke.* *Moone-shine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.  
 2047 *Deme.* I, and *Wall* to.  
 2048 *Lyon.* No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted  
 2049 their fathers. Will it please you, to see the Epilogue, or to  
 2050 heare a *Bergomaske* daunce, between two of our cōpany?  
 2051 *Duke.* No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no  
 2052 excuse. Neuer excuse: For when the Players are all deade,  
 2053 there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it,  
 2054 had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thisbies* gar-  
 2055 ter, it would haue beene a fine tragedy: and so it is truly,  
 2056 and very notably discharg'd. But come your *Burgomaske*:  
 2057 let your Epilogue alone.  
 2058 The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.  
 2059 Louers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.

*Dem.* A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* 2107  
which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes. 2108)

*Lyf.* She hath spyed him already, with those sweete 2109

*Dem.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet.* 2110

*This.* Asleepe my Loue ? What, dead my Doue ? 2111

O *Piramus* arise : 2112

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe 2113

Must couer thy sweet eyes. 2114

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose, 2115

These yellow Cowflip cheekes 2116

Are gone, are gone : Louers make mone : 2117

His eyes were greene as Leekes. 2118

O sisters three, come, come to mee, 2119

With hands as pale as Milke, 2120

Lay them in gore, since you haue shone 2121

With sheeres, his thred of filke. 2122

Tongue not a word : Come trusty sword : 2123

Come blade, my brest imbrue : 2124

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends ; 2125

Adieu, adieu, adieu. 2126

*Duk.* Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead. 2127

*Deme.* I, and Wall too. 2128

*Bot.* No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted 2129

their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or 2130

to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our com- 2131

pany ? 2132

*Duk.* No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs 2133

no excuse. Neuer excuse ; for when the plaiers are all 2134

dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that 2135

writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies* 2136

garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy : and so it is 2137

truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your 2138

Burgomaske ; let your Epilogue alone. 2139

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue. 2140

Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. 2141

2060 I feare we shall outleepe the comming morne,  
 2061 As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.  
 2062 This palpable groffe Play hath well beguil'd  
 2063 The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.  
 2064 A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,  
 2065 In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

*Exeunt.*

2066 *Enter Pucke.*

2149 2067 *Puck.* Now the hungry Lyons roares.  
 2068 And the wolfe beholds the Moone;  
 2069 Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,  
 2070 All with weary taske foredoone.  
 2071 Now the waisted brands doe glowe,  
 2072 Whilst the screech-owle, screeching lowd,  
 2073 puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,  
 2074 In remembrance of a fthrowde.  
 2075 Now it is the time of night,  
 2076 That the graues, all gaping wide,  
 2077 Euery one lets forth his spright,  
 2078 In the Churchway paths to glide.  
 2079 And wee Fairies, that doe runne,  
 2080 By the triple *Hecates* teame,  
 2081 From the presence of the Sunne,  
 2082 Following darkeness like a dreame,  
 2083 Now are frolick: not a mouse  
 2084 Shall disturbe this hallowed house.  
 2167 2085 I am sent, with broome, before,  
 2086 to sweepe the dust, behinde the dore.

2087 *Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.*

2088 *Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light,  
 2089 By the dead and drowfie fier,  
 2090 Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,  
 2091 hop as light as birde from brier,  
 2092 And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.  
 2093 *Tita.* First rehearse your song by rote,

I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne, 2142  
 As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht. 2143  
 This palpable groffe play hath well beguil'd 2144  
 The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. 2145  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity. 2146  
 In nightly Reuels ; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.* 2147

*Enter Pucke.* 2148

*Puck* Now the hungry Lyons rores, 2149  
 And the Wolfe beholds the Moone : 2150  
 Whilest the heauy ploughman snores, 2151  
 All with weary taske fore-done. 2152  
 Now the wafted brands doe glow, 2153  
 Whil'ft the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud, 2154  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe, 2155  
 In remembrance of a shrowd. 2156  
 Now it is the time of night, 2157  
 That the graues, all gaping wide, 2158  
 Euery one lets forth his spright, 2159  
 In the Chur ch-way paths to glide. 2160  
 And we Fairies, that do runne, 2161  
 By the triple *Hecates* teame, 2162  
 From the presence of the Sunne, 2163  
 Following darkeneffe like a dreame, 2164  
 Now are frolicke ; not a Moufe 2165  
 Shall disturbe this hallowed house. 2166  
 I am sent with broome before, 2167  
 To sweep the dust behinde the doore. 2168

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.* 2169

*Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light, 2170  
 By the dead and drowfie fier, 2171  
 Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright, 2172  
 Hop as light as bird from brier, 2173  
 And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie. 2174

*Tita.* Firft rehearse this song by roate, 2175

- 2094 TO each word a warbling note.  
 2095 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,  
 2096 Will we fing and bleffe this place.
- 2180 2097 *Ob.* Now, vntill the breake of day,  
 2098 Through this house, each Fairy stray.  
 2099 TO the best bride bed will wee :  
 2100 Which by vs shall blessed be :  
 2101 And the iffue, there create,  
 2102 Euer shall be fortunate :  
 2103 So shall all the couples three  
 2104 Euer true in louing be :  
 2105 And the blots of natures hand  
 2106 Shall not in their iffue stand.  
 2107 Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,  
 2108 Nor marke prodigious, such as are  
 2109 Despised in natiuitie,  
 2110 Shall vpon their children be.  
 2111 With this field deaw consecrate,  
 2112 Euary Fairy take his gate,  
 2113 And each feuerall chamber bleffe,  
 2114 through this palace, with sweete peace  
 2115 Euer shall in safety rest,  
 2116 And the owner of it blest.  
 2117 trippe away : make no stay :  
 2118 Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*
- 2202 2119 *Robin.* If we shadowes haue offended,  
 2120 thinke but this (and all is mended)  
 2121 that you haue but slumbred here,  
 2122 While these visions did appeare.  
 2123 And this weake and idle theame,  
 2124 No more yielding but a dreame,  
 2125 Gentles, doe not reprehend.  
 2126 If you pardon, wee will mend.  
 2127 And, as I am an honest *Puck,*

To each word a warbling note. 2176  
 Hand in hand, with Fairie grace, 2177  
 Will we fing and bleffe this place. 2178

*The Song.* 2179

*Now vntill the breake of day,* 2180  
*Through this house each Fairy stray.* 2181  
*To the best Bride-bed will we,* 2182  
*Which by vs shall blessed be :* 2183  
*And the issue there create,* 2184  
*Euer shall be fortunate :* 2185  
*So shall all the couples three,* 2186  
*Euer true in louing be :* 2187  
*And the blots of Natures hand,* 2188  
*Shall not in their issue stand.* 2189  
*Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,* 2190  
*Nor marke prodigious, such as are* 2191  
*Despised in Natiuitie,* 2192  
*Shall vpon their children be.* 2193  
*With this field dew consecrate,* 2194  
*Euery Fairy take his gate,* 2195  
*And each seuerall chamber bleffe,* 2196  
*Through this Pallace with sweet peace,* 2197  
*Euer shall in safety rest,* 2198  
*And the owner of it blest.* 2199  
*Trip away, make no stay ;* 2200  
*Meet me all by breake of day.* 2201

*Robin.* If we shadowes haue offended, 2202  
 Thinke but this (and all is mended) 2203  
 That you haue but slumbred heere, 2204  
 While these visions did appeare. 2205  
 And this weake and idle theame, 2206  
 No more yeelding but a dreame, 2207  
 Centles, doe not reprehend. 2208  
 If you pardon, we will mend. 2209  
 And as I am an honest *Pucke*, 2210

2128 If we haue vnearned luck,  
2129 Now to scape the Serpents tongue,  
2130 We will make amends, ere long :  
2131 Elfe, the *Puck* a lyer call.  
2132 So, good night vnto you all.  
- 2133 Giue me your hands, if we be friends :  
2217 2134 And *Robin* shall reftore amends.

*FINIS.*





If we haue vnearned lucke,	2211
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,	2212
We will make amends ere long :	2213
Elfe the <i>Pucke</i> a lyar call.	2214
So good night vnto you all.	2215
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,	2216
And <i>Robin</i> shall reftore amends.	2217

FINIS.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE 1600 (FISHER) QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	27	27
A 3	97	98
A 4	167	169
B	239	240
B 2	307	322
B 3	377	395
B 4	447	468
C	517	538
C 2	587	609
C 3	657	697
C 4	727	750
D	797	820
D 1	867	899
D 3	936	977
D 4	1005	1050
E	1076	1112
E 2	1146	1192
E 3	1216	1266
E 4	1286	1332
F	1356	1403
F 2	1426	1476
F 3	1496	1553
F 4	1566	1628
G	1635	1699
G 2	1701	1766
G 3	1770	1840
G 4	1840	1910
H	1910	1983
H 2	1980	2058
H 3	2050	2131
H 4	2120	2203

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 145	1	1st column, page 154	1107
2d " " 145	43	2d " " 154	1171
1st " " 146	87	1st " " 155	1235
2d " " 146	153	2d " " 155	1301
1st " " 147	218	1st " " 156	1367
2d " " 147	281	2d " " 156	1432
1st " " 148	347	1st " " 157	1498
2d " " 148	407	2d " " 157	1554
1st " " 149	471	1st " " 158	1617
2d " " 149	537	2d " " 158	1683
1st " " 150	601	1st " " 159	1747
2d " " 150	663	2d " " 159	1805
1st " " 151	721	1st " " 160	1869
2d " " 151	790	2d " " 160	1933
1st " " 152	848	1st " " 163*	1998
2d " " 152	914	2d " " 163*	2062
1st " " 151*	979	1st " " 162	2125
2d " " 151*	1043	2d " " 162	2171

\* Misprinted in Folio.















